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MEMOIR
OF
SUSAN T.

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GIVEN IN HONOR OF HIS PARENTS, THEIR SIMPLICITY
SINCERITY AND FEARLESSNESS

Lydia Grubb
with her cousin
L.B.P.'s love

9 Nov 64

A BRIEF MEMOIR

OF

SUSAN T.

"TELL THEM FROM ME, CHRIST FIRST—CHRIST ALWAYS—
AND CHRIST ALONE.

I WANT THIS TO BE MY LAST MESSAGE."

PAGE 114.

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MEMOIR OF SUSAN T.

CHAPTER I.

"O give thanks unto the Lord ; for He is good ; for His mercy endureth for ever. Let the redeemed of the Lord say so, whom He hath redeemed from the hand of the enemy ; and gathered them out of the lands, from the east, and from the west, from the north, and from the south. They wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way ; they found no city to dwell in. Hungry and thirsty ; their soul fainted in them. Then they cried unto the Lord, in their trouble, and He delivered them out of their distress. And He led them forth in the right way, that they might go to a city of habitation. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men ! for He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."—Psalm cvii. 1—9.

IN adding another to the recorded proofs that the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is the "power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth," the simple desire is that a stewardship may be faithfully occupied to the praise of the glory of His grace, by which the subject of this brief memoir was made "accepted in the Beloved," and enabled "to rejoice with joy unspeakable" in her rich inheritance.

Conscious of her utter unworthiness, of the abounding mercy which was extended towards her, she was anxious that nothing might be said to commend her. "Christ first—Christ always—and Christ alone," was her dying message to her friends, and that He might be glorified in her was the end for which she desired either to live or to die.

May He, who is the first and the last, "the Alpha and the Omega" in the work of redemption, graciously accept and bless this humble effort to show forth His praise and to magnify His name.

SUSAN T. was about two years old, when, in the summer of 1837, her widowed mother was

called to leave the place of her birth, and to find a home for a time in the house of her maternal grandfather. During their stay there her brother was born ; and a few weeks after the chastened little family entered upon a home that had very graciously been provided for them, and here the next six years of Susan's life were passed.

In and around this spot her home affections centred ; her earliest associations were connected with it ; and these included, besides the ordinary incidents of childhood, a series of illnesses, by which she was sometimes suddenly arrested and in a few hours prostrated. There was much irritation of the brain, attended with almost constant sickness, yet these seasons were recurred to as peculiarly interesting and favoured times. Taken apart from the activities of life, she delighted in reading or conversation of a religious character, and would frequently request that she and those around her might "be still and think," for so she designated the habit of silent prayer, in which she had been trained.

From a child she was acquainted with the Holy Scriptures, and greatly enjoyed being read

to from them, frequently making remarks, or asking questions on parts that arrested her attention. When between four and five years of age she noticed the concluding words of the 2nd of Galatians,—“If righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain,” she wished to hear them again, and to know what they meant, summing up what was said in explanation in her own words,—“If we were good, and did not need Christ to have died for us, then Christ is dead in vain.” Turning over a New Testament one day, she came to the title page and read, “‘The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ:’ how very sweet that is, mamma!” She appeared truly to love the Lord Jesus, and delighted to dwell on His love. In her earlier illnesses, as in her later ones, there was much of the calming, sustaining power of His holy presence. Being asked why she so much liked to be still, she replied that she supposed it was because she felt His love to be *so precious*.

Conscious of the burden of sin, and of the evil tendencies of her heart, she often expressed a

desire for the new heart which she knew she must possess before she would be fit to enter heaven, and her simple faith anticipated the realization.

Death was not a gloomy subject ; she would speak of it calmly, and delighted to talk of heaven. She said "it was a beautiful place, and would never have an end ; the flowers there would grow and never fade, and the roses would have no prickles ; many had got good hearts and had gone there." When she lay still, she tried to ask for a good heart. The times of favour during her illness were spoken of as "more delightful than any thing else, much more so than feeling happy at play."

Often, on first waking in the morning, while in health, she would enjoy speaking of the Lord Jesus, His miracles, His disciples, &c. ; and it was a special enjoyment to her to be allowed to remain up on the sabbath evenings, after her little brother had gone to bed, to talk of the love of God. With simple childlike faith she reposed in Him, often acknowledging how happy she felt. She would dwell upon some of His precious promises with much delight, and would

say, after repeating one or more of them, "God says so, and what God says must be true."

This was the bright side of Susan's childhood, it had its shady one likewise. These seasons of favour were but as oases in the desert, thickly scattered it is true during several of those early years, but there were thorny pathways, and many, many sad proofs that the tendency of her unrenewed heart was indeed evil. Great irritability often occasioned herself and her mamma much trial; she was not easy to guide and control; probably a natural tendency was increased by a physical irritability that so evidently prevailed for years. Yet the calming, soothing influence of heavenly love under which all was at seasons hushed, was the more striking, and these evidences of the Saviour's watchful care over the wandering lamb encouraged the hope that, by and bye, she would be effectually drawn from the dangerous paths in which her feet were treading. There was much of discipline before her, and she was led by the right way to a "city of habitation."

The hope that she would live beyond the age

of childhood was for a time feeble, but after she was eight years old the attacks of illness became less frequent, and in the spring of 1854 she appeared strong enough to allow of her entering the school at Ackworth.

It was something quite new to be thrown among so many young associates ; she had had very few previously, and there was much discipline for her in school life—it had its lights and shades, its privileges and its disadvantages. Perhaps it was needful she should pass through such an ordeal ; she saw more of the evil of her own heart, and of some of the different phases which the depravity of the human heart presents, notwithstanding the religious influence, and the high moral training that prevailed. The last few months of her school life appeared, subsequently, to be the most painful to her, in the retrospect of any portion of her past life.

After leaving school, there was a season of mental conflict : the Holy Spirit faithfully fulfilled His office as the convincer of sin. She struggled hard to overcome the evils which she found in her heart ; she was frequent and ear-

nest in prayer. Sometimes a little hope would spring up, that she was making some progress in the right direction, then she would be driven almost to despair by a fresh view of her proneness to sin. It was a critical period of her life, the turning point was at hand.

From a child, as we have seen, she had been familiar, theoretically, with the divine plan of salvation; she had loved the Saviour, and sought to walk acceptably before Him, but she had not yet realized His gospel, as "*the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.*"

Brought at length quite to despair of herself, and to see that she could do nothing to obtain peace with God, she was led to cast herself just as she was upon the Saviour, telling Him that unless He saved her, she must be lost. The answer of peace was given, and the despair was exchanged for a quiet trust. The crisis was passed; she had entered, through Christ, the Door, into the narrow way, and henceforth her path was that of the just, shining more and more unto the perfect day. It is true the light was

for a time feeble, and it was sometimes dimmed, yet through all, the day progressed; she grew in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The discipline through which Susan had been led, prepared her tenderly to sympathize with others, her young friends especially. Having been herself brought out of conflict and darkness into the marvellous light and liberty of the gospel, she delighted to tell of her Saviour's love, and of the full and free salvation there is in Him. Her heart yearned that those who were so dear to her who had not yet attained to the joy and peace of believing, might fully know that "being justified by faith, we have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Her correspondence bears evidence of this, as out of the fulness of her love she poured forth her desires in earnest, simple language. The following letter, having reference to the period just reviewed, though written some years later, may perhaps be instructively introduced here:—

"6mo. 20th, 1861.

"My much loved —

"I was so glad to see thy dear handwriting again. Many thanks for thy kind letter, and the nice extract about confidence in God. Truly He is worthy of all our confidence and love. Little do we think how we grieve Him when we hesitate to accept *all* He so freely offers : and yet how apt these evil hearts are to doubt whether He can really mean to give us such great blessings. We do not doubt but some may have them, but we query, can this be for *me*? Can such a poor creature hope for such abounding mercy, such a marvellous display of Love? How strange, how sad, that the freeness of the offer should make us afraid of presumption in accepting it! Yet so it is. We call it *humility*, but, in reality, is it not *pride*?

"For long I struggled, not daring to believe, and yet knowing that I must be lost if I did not, but I thought I was too unworthy, too sinful, and so for many weary months I had no rest. How could I, when I was trying first to get better, and then to go to the physician? I kept getting worse, worse, worse, till despair almost possessed me; there seemed but a step between me and eternal destruction. Then a word I had read in 'Barclay's Apology' (I believe) came vividly to mind, viz.— 'Christ died for sinners; I am a sinner, therefore Christ died for *me*.' A ray of light entered my dark mind, and I saw more clearly than before the glorious simplicity of

the gospel plan, though it was long before I understood it.

“Thou wilt be wondering, dearest, why I am writing thus. I did not mean to when I began, but a few words in thy letter led me back, for it was just as I used to feel—harder, and yet more hard to trust Christ. Does thou not think it is when, we are trying *to do* something, instead of believing that Christ *has done* all for us, that we feel it hard ?

“If a prisoner in the condemned cell, expecting the officer every moment to take him to execution, were to see, instead, a man enter, bearing a free pardon from the Queen, would not his gloom and misery be changed into joy ? would he not see everything in a brighter aspect ? And is it not so with our souls ? While burdened with sin, we are like the prisoner, with nothing but gloom around us ; but God, in His love, sends us a message, that His own Son has died instead of us, that *on Him all our sins have been laid*, and that He is reconciled to us, and waiting to welcome us back. What more could He do ? What more could we wish ? The Lord Jesus has died for thee and for me ; He has borne our sin away, and in proof of His death being all-sufficient, God has raised Him from the dead. Oh, dearest, let us beware of unbelief, of the least shade of unbelief, of doubt, of fearfulness. No sin is so dishonouring to God as this. And so we find—Rev. xxi. 8—that the *fearful* and *unbelieving* were classed with murderers, idolators, liars, &c., all of

which shall have their part in the lake that burneth with fire and brimstone.'

"Forgive me, darling, if I say I think thou art looking too much at thy feelings, and too little at what Christ Jesus has already done for thee. I am often guilty in this respect, often walking under a cloud instead of in the light of His countenance; but oh, dear one, I long that thou mayest never dishonour God as I have done, but by taking Him at His word, and believing all He says, *because He says it*, not because thou feels it, mayest thou live to His glory, and out of the fulness of a grateful heart tell to those around thee what a precious Saviour thou hast found."

Carried forward to this point, the warmth of her own heart irresistibly breaks forth, and she proceeds—

"He is indeed a precious Saviour. Never till the last few months did I so realize this, and as yet I see but a glimpse of the fulness there is in Him for us. Oh, it is wonderful; He is made unto us *wisdom*, and *righteousness*, and *sanctification*, and *redemption*. All the promises of God are ours if we are *in* Christ Jesus; and if we are not, where are we? In the world with the wrath of God abiding on us! There is no middle path, so let us be encouraged to put our whole trust in God, for He has said, 'He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.' It is a present blessing.

"My heart is full, and I could write much more did time permit, but I must just add another verse, because it is so plain, so full: 'By Him all that believe *are* justified from all things.' (Acts xiii. 39.) 'Therefore being justified by faith, we *have peace* with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' Earnestly desiring that my darling friend may richly enjoy this peace, I am, with fondest love,

"Ever thy truly affectionate,

"S. T."

It was not long before Susan gave evidence that she had not received the grace of God in vain; and perhaps some dear, earnest young Christian, looking around with the enquiry kindled in her heart, "Lord what wouldst Thou have *me* to do?" may find a word of encouragement or suggestion in a brief outline of the little services for her Lord into which she was gradually led; one thing unfolding out of another.

Naturally very diffident and self-distrustful, it was more effort to her than it would have been to many to strike out into new paths; yet the love of Christ constrained her to make some effort to spread the knowledge of His full and

free salvation. The little group of children by whom she was daily surrounded called forth her sympathies, and she sought, while imparting general instruction, to lead their young hearts to the knowledge and love of their Lord and Saviour. The circulation of the Holy Scriptures was an object of primary interest to her, the "words of eternal life" which they contain, as testifying of the Lord Jesus Christ, made them so precious to herself. Writing to a friend in the autumn of 1856, she says—

"About a month ago I read to the children some extracts from the Bible Report, which greatly interested them. When talking to them about it, one of them said he sometimes had a halfpenny that he should like to give to help to buy Bibles for the poor, but he did not know what to do with it. Several said the same. So next morning we had a little box put on the mantel-shelf, that any who liked might give a halfpenny or a farthing for the purpose. It is very interesting to see how they bring their little offerings, they seem so pleased to think that even a farthing will help."

The first amount transmitted to the Bible Society as the fruit of this simple beginning was seven shillings, another of twelve followed, then

a Bible box was furnished from Earl Street, and a juvenile society was formed, which was designated "The Bud," a hope being entertained that by and bye, there would be a "Twig" to which it might be attached. Several of the children were furnished with a collecting book and bag, and when the anniversary meeting of the Bible Society was held in the town, the deputation from the parent society was invited to meet the members of "The Bud" in their school-room. For two or three years this privilege was enjoyed, and in 1860, the report presented to the annual meeting, held in the town hall, showed how the "little one" had increased and prospered. The report for 1861 refers to a decline of activity on the part of some of the collectors, and then proceeds—

"Those who love their Bibles will surely rejoice at having it in their power to assist in spreading the knowledge of the glorious truths it contains, and none need feel discouraged because they cannot do great things—'every little helps'—and every penny given from love to that kind Saviour of whom the Bible tells us, will be seen and blessed by Him. In conclusion, we would ex-

press our earnest desire that all our young friends should know for themselves the preciousness of this holy book, and the blessedness of believing the good news it brings to us ; and that each one may be able from the heart to say—‘ the Lord Jesus Christ is *my* Saviour—*my* Redeemer—*my all in all.* ’ ”

When the next anniversary arrived Susan was from home in very declining health, she could take no part personally in preparation for the meeting, but she heard with deep interest of the gathering of hundreds of children in the town hall, to listen to an address from the deputation in attendance, and her young friends may receive the concluding words of the report quoted above as an embodiment of her dying wishes for them.

In 1859, Susan’s health, which had been delicate for years, appeared unequal longer to sustain the duties of the school, in which, for six years, she had found much congenial occupation, and it was relinquished ; she however retained two or three of her dear little pupils over whom she continued to watch with a yearning interest until obliged altogether to give up.

Her tender solicitude followed those who had once been gathered round her, and she thus alludes to an attempt which this interest prompted, to bring some of them together. Writing to her brother, she says—

“I think I must just tell thee of a *little* sewing meeting we are hoping to establish, as I want thee to unite in asking for a blessing upon the feeble means. I have spoken to a few dear girls about it ; they seem ready to come. We purpose making little garments for the poor, while one of the party reads aloud, always taking a portion of scripture for a little while. I long that it may be a means of at least interesting some of them in best things.”

The commencement of this new effort is thus chronicled :—

“The first meeting was held on the 7th of November, 1860, when, notwithstanding the wetness of the day, fourteen earnest workers assembled. Read third chapter of first book of Samuel, part of ‘Clara Barton ;’ hymns, ‘Rock of Ages,’ ‘O, how He loves,’ ‘Jesus, lover of my soul.’ A subject was selected upon which each member was requested to look out texts for the next meeting, and the Bible collectors brought in their contributions.”

The little flock of lambs, thus watchfully gathered, were led in simple earnest prayer to

the Good Shepherd. May the answer be found after many days to His praise and to His glory !

During the winter of 1859-60, an adult school, established very near her home, called out Susan's sympathies and energies in a fresh direction ; her strength appeared somewhat recruited, and it was cheerfully expended in her Master's service, while in the autumn of 1860 an answer seemed given to the many prayers offered for spiritual blessings upon the town, during special visits from some of the Lord's messengers. As her " dear little home " became the place of entertainment for these dedicated labourers, she realized much of the blessedness of that fellowship of spirit which it is the privilege of the members of the household of faith to enjoy with each other, in communion with their Lord. She found spiritual instruction and enlargement in intercourse with them ; and to the instrumentality of one of these, beloved and honoured for his work's sake, she felt herself indebted for clearer views of the glorious privileges which pertain to the believer in Jesus.

As far as ability was afforded, she rejoiced in

the attendance of the meetings held ; and when, through physical infirmity, she was deprived of the privilege of outwardly gathering, her spirit united in fervent exercise before the Lord, for His manifested blessing. Many little gatherings were convened at her home, some at her own request, for the united approach to the throne of grace, of those who knew and loved the Lord ; or some of her poorer neighbours were invited, to whom she would read a portion of scripture and address words of earnest exhortation.

During the last few years of her life she was a diligent searcher of the scriptures ; she loved to compare scripture with scripture, and to recognize gospel truth throughout the sacred volume, emphatically accepting our Lord's own words "They are they which testify of ME." Not content with enjoying alone the rich feast for the soul she thus found, she gathered around her two or three little groups of young persons to share it with her. For these she made diligent and prayerful preparation, and many seasons of much interest and instruction are remembered by those who participated in them.

She carefully avoided the use of a concordance, preferring to search until she found for herself the passage required. In this way she acquired a striking knowledge of the localities of texts, and her assistance was often sought. Not less striking was the spiritual insight given her, into the truths enwrapped in the words. Avoiding the use of a commentary, as carefully as that of a concordance, her reliance was simply on the teaching of the Holy Spirit, and under His enlightening influence, she understood the force of our Lord's declaration, "The words that I speak unto you they are spirit and they are life."

There are so many ways in which the devoted and watchful disciple of the Lord Jesus may occupy the talent entrusted. With his spiritual faculties quickened and enlightened, he perceives openings for service which would otherwise be unobserved. The resident domestics or occasional helpers in a family, present a sphere where quiet and unobtrusive labour may yield a blessing, unseen and unknown, perhaps, beyond the precincts of the homestead, yet diffusing there a

hallowed influence, a precious savour of life and peace.

Susan recognized the responsibility, and when the state of her health and her other engagements permitted, she devoted a portion of the evening, and of the sabbath afternoon, to the scriptural instruction of the servants. She watched for the souls of those who were thus brought in her way, as one that must give an account.

Writing to one of her correspondents, who had commenced a Bible class with her servants, she says,

“May I be excused if I refer to a little incident connected with myself, it just shows how very condescending and loving our Lord is, to notice even the feeblest attempt.

“A letter from an old servant of ours who left us two or three years ago, attributed some of her earliest impressions about religion to the little Bible readings we held together, chiefly on Sunday afternoons. She is now I trust a sincere Christian, anxious to adorn the doctrine of her God and Saviour. I would not have mentioned it only it may encourage thee to persevere, even should no immediate result follow.

"With her and with the one we have now, I adopted the plan of exchanging a text every night, written on a slip of paper: it induces a search into the Bible to find suitable ones.

"We ought not to rest satisfied with anything short of the conversion of those who are thus connected with us for a time: ought we, dear M.?"

In another instance beside the one referred to, the yearning of Susan's soul was satisfied, as the following letter will testify, while it exhibits the watchful solicitude with which these young believers were regarded.

"Dear ——

"Though we often have opportunities of speaking together, yet I am inclined to put a few thoughts on paper that thou may look at them sometimes in the quiet. It gives me great joy to think that we are travelling the same road, that we both love the same Lord, and can (thanks to His free and boundless mercy) call Him our Saviour. It was my earnest prayer before thou came to live with us, that if thou did not know Jesus, thou might be brought to a saving knowledge of Him while under our roof; and now that, as I humbly trust He has revealed Himself to thy soul, my great desire is that thou may 'grow in grace,' not being satisfied with present attainments, but like the apostle Paul '*pressing forwards*

towards the mark, for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. The Christian's is, indeed, a high and *holy* calling, and it becomes us while rejoicing in the salvation so freely given to all who ask it, also to be ever on the watch, lest satan should try to get an advantage over us, remembering the apostle's admonition, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' Many are the injunctions in the Bible, to 'watch and pray,' our gracious Master knew what need there is of watching, He knew what a powerful enemy we have to contend with, and how unable we are of ourselves to resist his temptations and wiles, therefore, He tells us to *watch* and *pray*, and 'to put on the whole armour of God,' which He has Himself provided; and then lest we should feel discouraged, He says, '*My grace is sufficient for thee.*' Yes, sufficient to meet every need, to overcome every difficulty, and at last to bring us in safety to the 'promised land.' Precious, precious Jesus! let us look at Him, gaze upon Him, till we become like Him." (2 Corinthians iii. 18, 21. John iii. 2.

"With best wishes for thy welfare, and that this may be a holy, happy, and useful year, I am,

"Thy sincere friend,

"January 7, 1862.

S. T."

CHAPTER II.

To this brief outline of the way in which Susan T. was led forward in her Christian course, perhaps, some extracts from her letters may be added ; they are the only written record she has left, of the progress of her spiritual life. Addressed chiefly to young persons near her own age, they may contain some words of loving encouragement to others of the same class, to accept of the gracious offers [of pardon and peace, through faith in a crucified Saviour ; they may serve to stimulate these, who, having found Him as their loving and all-sufficient Saviour, are yet failing to glorify Him by a life devoted and consecrated to his service, while to the secluded and afflicted they may bring words of cheer, in the evidence afforded of the precious peace in which this humble disciple was preserved during many seasons of illness, and years of protracted weakness.

The selections made will be chiefly to this end, while they instructively characterize her onward progress—her spiritual growth. The time which she could command for correspondence, was very limited, and was generally taken from intervals which the feebleness of the body appeared to claim for repose, so that her letters are simply the outpouring of her loving heart, warmed and glowing with Christian interest.

The close of the year and the commencement of a new one, generally furnished some fresh realization of the uncertainty of life. Near the close of 1855 she writes to a dear friend,

“Before this reaches thee we shall have entered another year. May it be marked by increased diligence in every duty, and may we be favoured to know a going forward in the way to Zion. We cannot see to the end of the year we are about to enter, but we *know* the great uncertainty of all things here, and it therefore becomes us to be very watchful and careful. I am so very weak and sinful that I should despair, were it not for the assurance that ‘the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,’ therefore, even I may hope: He has said, ‘Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.’ Is not that sweet?”

And again, writing to the same in the summer of 1857,—

“How kind it was of thee to write for me on my birthday; such times always remind me of the great uncertainty of life, and the vast importance of working while life and strength are graciously afforded.

“The sweet text thou quoted has been much in my mind till the last few days, when I seemed so unsettled with the change, that I seldom recollected a verse, but that name, which is above every name, was sent into my heart, helping to calm my wandering thoughts.

“What a name it is—‘Jesus,’ how full and sweet! If He is near, what can we want beside?

“I hope ere this thou art feeling bright again. It often happens that after a season of peculiar blessings, He, who knows just what is best for us, sees fit to leave us, as it were, so that faith may be exercised; for were all bright and cloudless, what need would there be of faith at all?”

Susan’s health had so long been delicate, and there was such an evident increase of debility, that at the time this was written she had gone to Malvern, where she remained three months under Dr. Marsden’s care. In reference to this she says,—

"Should it be consistent with our gracious Father's will to restore my strength, I shall be truly thankful. I trust with renewed strength He will give me increased earnestness to work while it is day, that I may no longer trifle with time as I have done heretofore. Distance does not prevent our love and thoughts often flying, as it were, o each other, and the hope of soon meeting, never more to part, greatly alleviates present separation. Oh what a meeting that will be! Together to bow down before our Saviour God, and to see Him as He is! What mighty privileges has even the weakest one who depends entirely on Jesus! Now, separated for a season from most I fondly love, the thought of that meeting is peculiarly sweet.

"Home! Our earthly home may be very dear, yet shadows will, and must come, darkening the brightest scenes; but there is a home where shadows never enter, where sin, and sorrow, and suffering are for ever excluded. Oh, how thankful we should be for such a prospect.

"Precious, precious Saviour, make us *wholly thine*. My heart is very full, dearest, I have been, and still am *so gently* dealt with; I never knew before so much of Jesus' love, He can make hard things easy."

The following hymn accompanied the letter from which the preceeding extract was taken:—

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you

not as the world giveth give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

PEACE.

"Thou art with me, O my Father;

At early dawn of day,
It is Thy glory brighteneth,
The upward, shining ray ;
It calls me by its loveliness,
To rise and worship Thee ;
I feel Thy glorious presence,
Thy face I may not see.

"Thou art with me, O my Father,

In the changing scenes of life,
In loneliness of spirit,
And in weariness of strife ;
My sufferings, my comfortings,
Alternate at Thy will ;
I trust Thee, O my Father,
I trust Thee and am still.

"Thou art with me, O my Father,

In evening's darkening gloom,
When night enshrouds the earth in gloom,
Thy presence fills my room ;
The little stars bring messages
Of kindness, from above ;
I love Thee, O my Father,
And I feel that Thou art love."

Among other proofs of the tender, watchful love with which she was encompassed, Susan remembered the Christian friendships which she was privileged to form during her stay at Malvern; separated from all her near connections, she was thrown amongst those, heretofore strangers, but all her needs were fully met, and her loving heart found objects to which to cling, while she shared the kind and tender care of some older and more experienced than herself. To one of these she writes,—

“10th 2mo., 1858.

“ My Dear M.

“ I was truly glad to receive thy sweet letter, bearing testimony as it did to the fulness there is in Jesus; indeed, it always does me much good to receive letters from thee; it is so delightful to hear one, who is so much farther advanced in the Zionward journey, telling of the faithfulness and tender compassion of our gracious Guide. I rejoice to hear how gently He is leading thee over the rough places of the road, giving thee from day to day fresh proofs of his love. Ah, there is no love like *His*!

“ My health has been very uncertain this winter, and lately it has seemed necessary to keep quietly at home, and not go beyond the garden if I would avoid being aid by; so that, much as I regret it, I shall be

obliged to give up the hope of seeing thee next month, dear M. It is a comfort that when one's body is a prisoner, one's mind can often visit those we love ; and a far greater comfort, that there is a Friend who is never far away, but near to each one at the same time, however far apart they may be. And it greatly lessens the pain of separation now, to look forward to the time when, through Redeeming love, we hope to meet and spend a joyful eternity together, singing praises to Him who loved us, and gave Himself for us.

To another correspondent she seeks to impart something of the desire which dwelt in her own heart, to be diligent in her blessed Master's service.

" 26th 1mo., 1858.

" May we, one and all, be found filling our allotted part, seeking to do all things to the glory of our heavenly Father. It seems to me that if we did but more *realize* the *exceeding* love of our precious Saviour, we should feel it easy to do every thing to Him, yea, it would be our greatest delight, and we should seek by all means in our power to bring others under the same blessed influence. My dear cousin knows more of this than I do, I expect : for alas, I am so cold and forgetful, that hours, almost days pass without my trying in any way to promote His glory.

"I think I read somewhere, that all actions which fall short of this high standard are sinful; indeed, how can it be otherwise, since they violate the commandment, '*Whatsoever ye do in word or deed do all to the glory of God.*' How wonderful that we may apply, day after day, to the blood of sprinkling, and *know* all our sins blotted out for Jesus' sake.

"The text thou sent is a very encouraging one. 'Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth,' will perhaps prove acceptable to my dear cousin. I thought thou seemed rather down when thou wrote, but I hope ere this, thou art enabled so to look unto Jesus as to put anxious thoughts away, and resting on His finished ~~work~~, to feel that thou *art* saved through the Redeemer's blood and righteousness. Why need we doubt, when the promises are so many and so full? and He has said, 'Seek and ye *shall find*;' 'Him that cometh unto me I will in *no wise* cast out?' O the riches of His love, yea, the *depth* of the riches! it is a boundless, unfathomable ocean. Is it not the extreme of wonder that He, the Lord of heaven and earth, should *so love* sinful man, as to leave His glorious home to suffer and die, that we might not perish? But alas, knowing this, how cold and dead my heart is. Oh, to be filled with love to Him who first loved us, to feel His loving presence always near. Precious, precious Saviour! let us think *much*, *very much* of His love, that so our love to Him may be increased. Wont it be sweet to be in heaven, where it is

all love, where *our* hearts will always glow with the deepest gratitude to Him who has redeemed us ? ”

“ 28th 9mo., 1858.

“ To M. E. B.

“ The dear little forget-me-not, with its bright blue petals, and the character thou hast drawn from it reminds me of A. L. Newton’s wish, that she might be a reflection of Jesus in the world, and oh, what could we wish for better than to grow in likeness to Him, more and more filled with His spirit ; thus by our quiet daily life to show that we have been with Jesus, and been permitted to lean on Him. May this be our blessed experience, dear M., and may we so *abide* in Jesus as to bring forth some fruits to His praise—as the little hymn thou so kindly copied for me says. I am so fond of it, it so fully describes what a pilgrim’s wants really are.

“ ‘ I want, oh, I want to attain

Some likeness, my Saviour, to Thee.’

“ It is very sweet to feel this longing after Jesus, is it not ? Surely it is just an earnest of a coming blessing, for when He gives us these desires, He is doubtless intending abundantly to satisfy them.

“ What interesting accounts we have had from America. It is very cheering to hear of the wonderful awakening that has aroused so very many to look for pardon and peace, through a crucified Redeemer. O that we might have such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit in our

own land ! And why not ? when the blessed Saviour said, after referring to the readiness with which an earthly parent grants the requests of his child, ‘How *much more* will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him.’ ”

Many young Christians will sympathise in the following,

“ 20th 12mo., 1858.

“ I know full well by experience something of the feeling of which thou speaks, that fetters us both in word and thought. We naturally shrink from the idea that those around us are not safe in the Ark. It is indeed difficult at times to speak of all important things, but I can’t help thinking that if Christians, those who really love Jesus and place all their dependance on Him alone, were to *realize* their immense privileges, there would not be so much backwardness in speaking, but out of the fulness of their hearts they would tell to *all* around them of the Saviour’s love, they would then soon discover whether those they addressed were like-minded with themselves, or no. I have very, very often lost opportunities, from want of courage, to begin upon these topics, and very frequently have I to mourn that it is too late, and then resolve to be more careful in future, but alas ! the next time finds me just as backward. Wilt thou ask for me, dear M., that I may be helped to overcome this

fearfulness, and may be enabled to look more constantly and earnestly to Jesus, for surely the more we look to Him, the more will all that is wrong be subdued in us.

"Is not 'Looking unto Jesus' a sweet motto? I mean to take it for mine through the coming year, if life be spared."

In the early part of 1859, the measles prevailed in the neighbourhood, and in attending a cottage meeting it is supposed that Susan imbibed the infection, as symptoms of the complaint subsequently developed, and she became seriously ill. This illness was preceded by a remarkable manifestation of the divine presence, which is referred to in the following extract from a letter to her brother :—

"81st lmo., 1859.

"I was not out yesterday, as I had a cold, but in the evening, when mother was gone to the cottage, I was favoured with a sweet little time. I don't know that I ever realized the presence of our heavenly Father more fully, it almost seemed as if I were in His immediate presence. I could say with Jacob, '*How awful is this place.*' I think it gave some idea of what the soul must feel when about to leave the body; nothing but Jesus and His righteousness could avail at such a

time. Legh Richmond was right when he said, 'Strong evidences, nothing but *strong* evidences, will do at such a time as this.'

As the disease assumed a serious aspect, being accompanied with inflammation of the lungs, the sustaining power of the dear Saviour's presence was strikingly manifested; when almost to ill to speak, the message to beloved absent ones was, "My very dear love, tell them I am very comfortable—it is perfect peace." As soon as she was able to use a pencil, she wrote the following note to her brother:—

"My own dearest J.

"I am so much better as to be able to hold a pencil for a few minutes, and I knew thou would like to hear from my own self how most graciously and lovingly I have been dealt with through this illness. My heavenly Father has condescended to be so near, and I have been permitted to feel such rest in Jesus. The prospect of heaven was very sweet, but now it appears to be my Father's will that I should be restored. O may it be to show forth His praise.

"Help us to praise Him for His abounding mercies.

"With very much love,

"Thy own fond sister."

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Thou must not say or think, dearest M., that I have more realizing faith than thou has, for indeed I am very far behind. I thought when I was ill, that if I got better, I should always feel more love to Jesus than before, and be always more what I ought to be; but it is only by daily, hourly watching unto prayer that our spiritual life can be maintained, the manna of yesterday will not serve for to day. Oh, wont heaven be delightful, when the possibility of sinning, and grieving him we love is for ever done away? To be beyond the reach of the unwearied adversary, what a comfort! That is indeed a beautiful text that thou quoted; what purity is there spoken of, 'even as He is pure.' God has bestowed upon us two most wondrous gifts, His only begotten Son to redeem us, and the Holy Spirit to purify us and make us meet for His presence. What boundless love has He thus manifested towards us,—well may we exclaim with the apostle, 'Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.' "

Referring to an attack of scarlatina, she says,

" 22nd 6mo, 1859.

What various ways our Heavenly Father uses for the trial of our faith and patience! We cannot always see the reason for His dealings with us, but we have the comfort of knowing that they are sent in infinite wisdom and tender love, and this assurance takes away much of their

bitterness. Clouds and mist are often our portion while here, but oh, what a blessing to be permitted by faith to look beyond, to that bright land where the shadow of a cloud will never come between us and that Saviour, whose presence is our greatest joy!

“ ‘ Though painful at present,
’Twill cease before long,
And then, oh, how joyful
The conqueror’s song!’

“ I have hardly seen any one for more than a month. It has been a great exercise of patience, but I know it was needful discipline.

The irritation of the spine from which Susan T. had long suffered rendered either walking or riding very painful, and a journey was rarely undertaken; yet after the attack of scarlatina, a short tarriance at the sea was considered so desirable that the effort was made, and the help afforded is gratefully acknowledged to M. E. B.

“ 3rd 8mo., 1859.

“ Thou will be interested in hearing that our journey home was quite as favoured as the outward one. The gracious Saviour was near to help and protect His poor timid child, utterly unworthy as I am of the least of all these mercies so abundantly showered down upon me.

But it is not for our own merits, but of His own free grace, and in infinite condescension and love that He reveals Himself to us.

“Hast thou ever particularly noticed the 46th Psalm? Full of comfort I have ever thought it, but never was its fulness shewn me as during my journey. What strong confidence in God must the Psalmist have felt when he said, ‘God is our refuge and strength, *therefore* will we not *fear* though the earth be removed.’ What fearful convulsions and overturnings he speaks of, and notwithstanding all, says, ‘we will not fear,’ for ‘the Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.’

“What a blessed work is going on in Ireland! I have no time now to speak of it, but I hope to write again before long.”

On the 18th of the same month, this subject, which interested her so much, prompts her to write again.

“I should hardly have written so soon only I have been reading such interesting and striking accounts of the Revival in Ireland, and thinking thou would like to see them too, I have ordered a few of the papers to be sent to thee. I hope thou will accept of them, and be interested and refreshed by their perusal. It is indeed a wonderful work which they describe, and as one reads of one after another brought to trust in the Lord Jesus as

their only and all-sufficient Saviour, it raises an earnest longing that our own land may not be passed over, but that from one end to the other thousands now unconverted may be led to cry for, and to obtain, that mercy which is now rejoicing the hearts of so many in Ireland."

Again, in reference to the same subject,—

"That there should be some amount of evil mixed with the work cannot be wondered at, when we consider what a poor weak creature man is, and how busily and unweariedly the great enemy of our souls seeks by every means in his power to throw dishonour on the name of Jesus, and to persuade men it is all nothing. He knows his time is short, and therefore does all he can to draw souls into perdition. But we rejoice in knowing that, spite of all his efforts, many, many precious souls are being brought out of darkness into light."

CHAPTER III.

Interested as Susan was in all that pertained to the extension of the dear Redeemer's kingdom, her soul warmly responded to the suggestion from the missionaries of Lodiaua; she thus refers to it, in the opening of the correspondence for 1860.

"To M. E. B.

"How many, many prayers will unitedly rise from various parts of the world during next week, in response to the suggestion from Lodiaua, that the second week of this year should be specially set apart by Christians for earnest prayer for the abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit. May we not look for, and expect, showers of blessing such as the church has never yet known?

"It will soon be a year since I thought that, perhaps, the messenger was sent to take me home: but, no; Jesus took me aside for awhile, that He might teach me more of His love and faithfulness: Would that I had better learned those sweet lessons and profited more by them.

"We are just entering upon another year, but how little we know what may happen ere its close. *This* we

do know, that 'all things work together for good, to them that love God.'

"Enclosed is a sweet little book,* which I think thou will like. May it ever be our blessed privilege, more and more, to abide in Jesus during the remainder of our pilgrimage, be it long or short.

" 'I want so in Thee to abide,
As to bring forth some fruit to Thy praise.'

"I am so fond of those lines, and indeed, of the whole hymn ; I often say it when I am alone."

As Susan's health had appeared rather less variable than for some time previously, a visit to a dear friend in the north of England had been arranged, and was anticipated with much pleasure ; but a few days before the one fixed for her leaving home, symptoms of illness appeared, and it was recognized as cause for thankfulness that the journey had not been commenced. The illness which followed was a very suffering one, but sustaining help was again near, as the following extracts will testify :

* "Abide in Me : a Motto for the New Year." By James Smith, of Cheltenham. Published by the Book Society, 19, Paternoster Row.

"To E. O.

"My thoughts have often turned towards thee with much affection; three weeks ago I was anticipating with delight the pleasure of soon enjoying thy company—little thinking how quickly that prospect would vanish. I am slowly but steadily progressing; to-day for the first time I am partially dressed, and lying on the bed, not in it. I quite enjoy the quiet, the seclusion from the noise and bustle of every day life. It has reminded me of the time when our compassionate Saviour said to His disciples, 'Come ye yourselves apart and rest awhile.' Oh! I can't tell thee how very tenderly He has dealt with me. Pray for me, dearest, that this season of blessing may not pass away unimproved, but may be of lasting benefit, that in returning to the duties of common life I may *live to Him*."

"6th mo., 1860.

"My own precious Brother,

"Though I am still an occupant of bed I am very much better, just having to overget the effects of the past. I have quite enjoyed my quiet rest, and feel in no hurry again to share in the turmoil of every day life, but when the time comes for that, the same gracious Lord, who has so mercifully helped me hitherto, can still give me the needful strength to meet life's cares and trials aright. I can't tell thee how tenderly He has dealt with me, it seemed just the fulfilment of the promise, 'He shall

gather the Lambs with His arms and *carry them in His bosom.*' And now the language of my heart is, 'O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together.' "

"To M. E. B.

"It is more than nine weeks since I was taken ill, I am thankful to say that I am now able to go out a little when the weather permits, though my walking powers are very small. I don't remember ever enjoying the country more, it is such a pleasure to look at the fields, and trees, and flowers, &c., again.

"If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
How beautiful, beyond compare,
Will Paradise be found.'

How little can our finite minds realize of the surpassing glory of the 'many mansions' of the New Jerusalem. 'O what will it be to be there!'

"I am busy just now, in conjunction with a young friend, in searching out texts of Scripture, and as I find the employment very delightful, I will tell thee what we are doing. We have taken for our subject the character of God, as love, wisdom, &c., and find six or more texts on each point.

"I remembered reading that A. L. Newton had taken the same subject in fifty-two different points, I think we have about that number. I find it gives me so much more insight into the Bible than simply reading it; and

the more one looks the more one sees of its inexhaustible fulness. The book of Job, in particular, has opened out in a way I never saw before.

"Pray for me, dear M., that our gracious Lord will indeed open my eyes that I may see wondrous things out of His law."

A month later referring to the same subject. ,

"I think I told thee of the texts I was looking out, I have now almost completed the series ready for copying out; there will be enough for every day in the year, First-days excepted.

These were afterwards supplied by a text showing the love of God; as Susan remarked, they were "bound together by a golden thread of *love*."

"They do indeed form, as A. L. Newton says, such a rock to rest upon. To see what God is—and that *He is* an eternal present! Oh, it is wonderful, and so precious, as contrasted with all the tossings to and fro of frail man, even though he be 'a vessel of mercy!'

"I must just tell thee of one or two things that struck me while getting the texts, though thou may have noticed them long ago. One is in Jeremiah x. 10. Our version has, 'He is the living God and an everlasting King,' while the margin gives, 'King of Eternity,' and this

seems so much fuller, not merely King *for* all ages, but King of all ages. There is a passage in Isaiah ix. 6, very similar, where Everlasting Father is literally Father of Eternity. What ideas such texts give us of the greatness and omnipotence of God, our God—our Father—our reconciled Father in Christ. How sweet it is that we can thus call Him ours, and with the confidence of a child tell Him all our cares and sorrows,—yes,—and all our joys too, for we know that all are appointed by Him. Sometimes He permits us to walk beside the still waters and then we can thankfully exclaim, ‘My cup’ of blessing ‘runneth over.’ At other times He puts us in the furnace, and we say with David, ‘All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me,’ or with Job, ‘Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.’”

Deeply chastened herself, Susan was prepared to sympathize in the trials of her friends, and as her consolations abounded through Christ Jesus her Lord, so was she enabled to comfort them with the comfort wherewith she herself was comforted of God.

“19th 8mo., 1860.

“My very dear ——

“I cannot tell thee how often I have thought of thee since thy last letter came, telling us of the deep waters thou had been passing through; and often have I felt

sad when thinking of thee. But I know that thou hast not been left to bear the trial alone, the Lord Jesus, our compassionate Saviour, has not left thee, and *never, never* will: 'In all their affliction He was afflicted, and He is still the same, though the winds and billows roar, and the clouds are dark so that we cannot see Him, He is nevertheless close to us, watching over us in tenderest love; the cloud may hide Him for awhile, but even *it* bears witness that He is *near*, for the clouds are the dust of His feet.' The path through the wilderness may be rough and gloomy, but how sweet in seasons of greatest difficulty to remember that 'He knoweth the way that I take, when He has tried me I shall come forth as gold.' The furnace is not a pleasant place, the process of refining is painful, yet we would not, if we could, avoid it, and so remain impure and clogged with dross, thereby bringing dishonour to our Heavenly Father; no, rather would we, even amid the shrinkings of the flesh, 'lie passive in His hands,' gratefully receiving *all* that in the greatness of His love He may apportion to us, feeling that we are not our own, but redeemed with the precious blood of Christ our Saviour, and that it is our highest privilege to glorify Him whether by working or suffering.

"There are precious promises to meet every need, promises which are all 'Yea and Amen' in Christ Jesus, and which never fail the trusting soul. How appropriate, when the day's work seems very arduous, is the word, '*As thy day so shall thy strength be,*' or, when pressed with

care—"Casting *all* your care upon Him for *He careth for you*;" or when about to move from one place to another, 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and *He shall* bring it to pass.' What a storehouse the Bible is, the more we search the more we find, for it is an inexhaustible treasury.

"Thy fondly affectionate S. T."

The acknowledgment in her next letter shows that her desire to comfort her friend had been granted.

"I am so thankful if I have been permitted to be the humble instrument of conveying a word of comfort to either of you. I did ask that I might be helped to write. How condescending it is of our God ever to use us in His service, or to permit such an utterly unworthy one to be the channel through which He would send a drop of cold water!"

Again, to a young friend under trial, she writes,—

"My very dear friend,

"I just write a few lines of sympathy, as J— said this evening thou wast but poorly and feeling depressed, and I well know how trying that is; it is so difficult at such times to *realize*, as we would wish, the presence of Him whom our souls love; it seems as if a cloud hid Him

from our view, and all around shares in the gloom, so that even the grasshopper becomes a burden ; and yet, though we cannot see Him, He is with us, watching, oh ! how tenderly ! His feeble children. 'He knows our frame ; He remembers we are dust ;' and He knows and sympathises with all our trials and discomforts. They may be such that we could not breathe them in the most loving human ear, but He feels for us in each and every one, and when our hearts are faint, and ready to start at the least thing, He gently whispers, 'It is I ; be not afraid.' 'Fear not, for I am with thee ; be not dismayed, for I am thy God.' O what a loving friend is Jesus ! and one who is ever present ; for to each of His disciples, the weakest, the faintest, He says, 'Lo, I am with you alway :' with you in joy, with you in sorrow, with you when your path is smooth and strewed with flowers, with you when the way is rough, when the wind roars, and the clouds gather thickly round ; with you at *all times*, and in *all places*, as 'a very present help.' Mayst thou ever find the Lord Jesus thus with thee, dear B., that wherever thou art, thou mayst be enabled to keep close to Him, and strengthened so to act and speak, that those around thee may take knowledge of thee, that thou hast been with Jesus. I hope, while from home, thou mayst meet with those who love the Lord, that you may commune of Him, and be refreshed together. Thou wilt not forget us on Thursday evening : though absent, thou

canst still help by prayer. It is very late, so I must not add more. With kindest love, ever believe me,

“Thy truly affectionate friend,

“S. T.”

“Here is one of our Saviour’s sweet promises, in case thou should at any time feel almost dismayed, when the path of duty is difficult, and it seems hard, very hard to stand out boldly on the Lord’s side, and openly to confess Him before men, but do not shrink, for His word is sure, ‘*My grace is sufficient for thee;*’ ‘*The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms.*’”

The next extract shews how fully she received the gospel message as “good tidings of great joy.”

To E. O.

“11th Month, 1860.

“Safe in Jesus! What rest and joy those words express! What could we wish for more? And we need not wait till laid on a death-bed to realize their blessedness; but *now*, by believing the record God has given of His Son, we may have a full and present salvation. Did thou ever ponder over those wondrous words of the Saviour (John v. 24, and vi. 47, &c.), where He so distinctly says that when any one believes he *hath* everlasting life ‘shall not come into condemnation, but is *passed*

from death unto life.' Is not this joyous, joyous news for us poor sinners? To think that by just taking God at His word, and trusting in the salvation He has provided for us, we have everlasting life! O darling, does it not make our hearts burn within us and leap for joy? Well may the apostle speak of 'the glorious liberty of the sons of God,' and then wind up with that full expression of confidence, Rom. viii. 37-39. Paul had no doubts, and why should we? The offer of salvation in all its fulness is free to us as to him, and there is nothing so calculated to produce a holy, watchful walk as the consciousness of having, by faith, 'passed from death unto life.' May our gracious Lord teach us more and more of these great truths, and give us to go on our way rejoicing, not in ourselves, but in Him, in the righteousness He has provided, in the eternal life He has given."

To F. W.

"I do think that the state of the body often affects the mind, and that we often grieve over depression which, after all, is physical, not mental. . . . In all our ups and downs, how important that the eye of faith should be ever fixed on Christ Jesus, the Captain of our salvation. How much holier and happier we should be if this were always the case, if, like those of whom Paul spoke, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever,' were the end of our conversation, our one aim to know more of Him, and to grow more like Him.

Let us not be discouraged by past failures, dear F., but let us *press* on, returning quickly whenever we have been driven or beguiled from His presence by our unwearied adversary."

Writing to M. E. B., in the early part of November, S. T. says :—

"What a privilege it is to live in such times as these, when the Holy Spirit is so manifestly working in many parts of our land and of the world. I do feel thankful now, that I am spared to know something about it, and I trust that here we shall know far more of His wonder-working power. Wilt thou unite with us in asking that the name of the Lord may be magnified in our midst, that His people may be stirred up to labour more earnestly for His glory, and that many, many sinners may be converted to Him. We are quite hoping to have the town hall opened next week for a religious service ; a gentleman from a distance has kindly consented to come over for that purpose. Wilt thou pray, dear M., that a special blessing may rest upon his efforts ?"

In reference to the time of this meeting, she writes :—

"3rd 12mo., 1860.

"I cannot describe the feeling of solemnity which seemed to pervade the town for a few days ; we felt, as we went about, that God was indeed very near."

After referring to a meeting in America, of which she hoped her correspondent would see an account, Susan proceeds,—

“I could not refrain from telling thee this much, it is so striking and so encouraging, for the Holy Spirit’s influences are not limited to any particular place; and may we not ask and hope for the like refreshment in our own land? O! we need stirring up, we are so apt to get lukewarm; and I know of nothing more calculated to rouse and animate us to run with increased diligence the race set before us, than the tidings of what God is doing up and down in the world, or better still, to be in the midst of the work, to see with our own eyes, and hear with our own ears. This is very different from only hearing of what is happening at a distance. There is something so peculiarly solemn in the feeling that the Holy Spirit is working in our midst, that at the present time He is awakening many to a sense of their danger, and leading them to Christ Jesus for pardon.

“I am thankful to be able to tell thee that we are permitted to know something of this solemnity; the work is very quiet, no stir or excitement, but from week to week we hear of fresh cases of conversion.

“Our scripture reader has been obliged to leave us on account of his health giving way, so that just at present we are without one, but we hope ere long to see another in his place. The poor people seemed generally very

ready to receive his visits, and are disappointed that he could not stay. O! there is so much to be done, so many unsaved souls around us, going on in the way to ruin! It is a fearful thought. One longs, at times, for the ability to warn them of their danger, and to point them to the one refuge, Christ Jesus, but oftener I am lukewarm. O! what dishonour my coldness must bring to that gracious Lord, whose I profess to be! Dearest,—don't forget to ask that I may be quickened, revived, more and more filled with the Holy Spirit, that I may be enabled to live to the glory of Him, who hath called me out of darkness into His marvellous light.

"I feel convinced that nothing short of entire dedication ought to satisfy us. How Paul appeals to the Christians at Rome (and not to them only, but to us also) to yield themselves to God: 'I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a *living sacrifice*, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your *reasonable service*.'

"May we, dearest, be enabled, by the grace of God, to follow this advice, that we may feel, as we have never felt it before, that 'we are not our own,' but that we belong, all we have, and all we are, to Him, who gave Himself a ransom for us, who has 'purchased us with His own blood.'

" ' 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home ;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.' "

"I think the question with each one of us should be, 'Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?' The more we realize the exceeding greatness of His love to us, the more desirous shall we be of doing all in our power to bring that knowledge within reach of all around us; and we shall rejoice if He, our gracious Master, appoint us a work in any part of the harvest field.

"It does seem as though *now* were the time for vigorous, prayerful effort. The Lord Himself is so manifestly working, and calling upon all who love Him to seek to gather in those souls which are yet afar off, while He plainly teaches that it is only His blessing, the gift of His Spirit, that can make any work effectual."

Referring to one of the little gatherings convened at her home, Susan writes:—

To J. F. T.

"13th 12mo., 1860.

"We were quite a small company on third-day evening, only eleven in the room, but I believe the Lord Jesus was with us, according to His promise; it was a quiet, and to me, a solemn time. I hope I was preserved from bringing dishonour on my Saviour, but He made me feel what a poor thing I was. However this is well, for self must be put down before we can be active, efficient workers for Him; as the hymn in the British Messenger for last month, says,—

'That I am nothing—Thou art all,
I would be daily taught.'

And I suppose it is by being made to *feel* our weakness that we are taught to depend more entirely on Christ.

"Our little sewing meeting comes on seventh-day, Bible class I expect on second, and prayer-meeting on fifth, nothing preventing. O! continue to plead much for me."

Thus, amid multiplied engagements and objects of interest, the year 1860 closed, and 1861 was ushered in.

A new year's memento to one of her young friends was accompanied by the following letter :

"My very dear friend,

"Wilt thou accept the enclosed as a little new year's token of love and best wishes? Thou hast been so precious to my thoughts the last few days, and as it is doubtful whether I see thee this evening, I am writing a few lines to tell thee how I long that the coming should be to us both a year in which we may indeed 'grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.' May 'living to the Lord,' be the one end of our daily life, seeking in everything to do, not our own will, but the will of our blessed Master, for He is indeed worthy of all our love, all our service. Wilt thou often remember me in prayer, dear —, that I may have grace and wisdom given me, for I feel a very poor thing; ask that I may so realize the Saviour's love that I may

love Him in return, and feel it my greatest privilege to be allowed to do anything for Him. I trust we shall see wonderful works in our town next year. O that all the Lord's people may be stirred to entire devotedness to His cause, that we may not miss of any blessing through want of faith or through unwillingness to do our share of the work. I cannot add more now than best wishes and earnest prayer that the Lord Jesus may bless and keep thee every moment, and that thou mayest learn more of Him and find thy greatest delight in living to Him. Precious Saviour! how much He has done for us already. Oh, His wonderful love! And He is ready to do yet more, even to sanctify us wholly, to make us fit for Himself to dwell in. In haste, ever lovingly thine, in the best of all bonds, the love of Jesus.

"S. T."

"To M. E. B.

"14th 1mo., 1861.

"What solemn times these are in which we live! These lines seem more true than once they did:—

" 'There is no time to while away the hours,
All must be earnest in a world like ours.' "

"What a delightful week we have just ended; it is so sweet to think of Christians all uniting in prayer, and day by day unitedly making known their requests to God.

"Notwithstanding the gleams of light we have had

here, there is still great darkness; perhaps we feel it more than ever, because the enemy is busy trying to do all he can to keep the people in his fetters. We only had one mid-day union meeting through the week and this was poorly attended; though small, they were good meetings; the Lord Jesus condescended to manifest His presence. I only went once, it being too long a walk for me. It was very solemn and delightful to think of the thousands of hearts that were probably at that time prostrated before the mercy seat. And now the week of special united prayer is over, and we should, I think, be looking up in full expectation of a blessing.

"We have a little prayer meeting at our house on Thursday evenings, when from nine to fourteen have been present. I do so long that souls may be brought to Jesus, and that we may feel Him very present in our midst. Will thou ask this for us, and that we may have faith to *expect* a gracious answer?"

While to her friends Susan appeared unceasingly diligent in her beloved Master's service, her own estimate proved how far below the desired standard her attainments yet reached.

"To E. O.

"16th 1mo., 1861.

"We can never do enough for Jesus, but I feel I might do *far* more than I do, if only I loved Him more, and

sought for ability from Him to live to His glory, instead of for self. What a sad hindrance *self* is ; always coming in the way, either objecting and unwilling to work, afraid what people will think ; or, if there is anything done, spoiling all by its proud suggestions. The apostle may well speak of crucifying the flesh, for truly it needs it, though it is a painful, very painful process, and one that needs renewing day by day, for the old man is very hard to overcome."

Having made reference to points upon which her correspondent and herself agreed to differ, she proceeds,—

"One day all that now perplexes us will be made clear, for '*now* we see through a glass darkly, *but then* face to face ; *now* we know in part, *but then* shall we know even as also we are known.' What a glorious day will that be ! Oh how delightful, when all that mars our communion with each other, and with our gracious Lord, shall be done away *for ever* : and each day brings us nearer and nearer to the blissful time—does it not ? Sometimes the thought does make us tremble, lest, as thou says, we should not be able to stand before Him : but how sweet to flee for refuge to His cross, and, hidden in the clefts of the Rock, to know that *there* no evil can reach us. None ever yet perished, whose whole and only trust was in Christ Jesus, and surely none ever will. May we, dear

M., ever be kept clinging to our Lord with simple, child-like faith.

“To E. O.

“19th 2mo., 1861.

“It is very cheering to have such a bright account of your meeting: truly the Lord is working in our land in the various sections of His church, raising up labourers to work as He appoints, in different parts of the harvest field. What a privilege if we are allowed to have any share in this blessed service. And there is a work for all who are willing—some little corner to tend, or some stones to clear from another’s path; something, unobserved, perhaps, by the eyes of men, which each one may do for the Lord Jesus.

“How I should like to see thee with thy class—dear little lambs, it must be sweet to tell them of the Good Shepherd, and to seek, as He gives ability, to win their young hearts to Him. I am particularly fond of *little* children, their hearts are more open to receive the good than when sin has gained more power, and often things that puzzle older people seem plain to them because they take them in simple trust. *Child-like* faith is what we must all have if we would enjoy ‘peace in believing.’

To a dear young friend who appeared more disposed to look at the evils of her own heart than to turn in simple faith to the great sin-bearer, the Lord Jesus Christ, Susan writes,—

"To T. W.

"26th 2mo., 1861.

"Dost thou not think that in order to believe, to feel satisfied that our sins are forgiven, we have only just to accept God's word as we find it in the Bible, without looking into our own hearts for what we can see there? If we are trusting in the Lord Jesus as our Saviour, if, feeling that without Him we are lost for ever, we have cast ourselves at the foot of His cross, crying 'Lord, save me,' are we not authorised to believe that according to His own promise He has saved us? We are told that 'the Lord *hath* laid on Him the iniquity of us *all*;' therefore, since God cannot break His word, and He tells us that *Jesus has borne our sins*, we need not bear them too. It would seem as if God, knowing how slow His people would be really to believe in the exceeding riches and freeness of His mercy and love, had condescended to assure them of it in many ways and places; answering all the objections their fearful hearts could raise, by some sweet word of promise which was their's for the believing; He names no other condition—'only believe'—and 'all the promises of God in Him, (Christ,) are yea, and in Him Amen.' Therefore, Christ Jesus being our Saviour, we may take all the glorious promises as also ours—may we not? Paul says, 'Be it known unto you, therefore, that through this Man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and by Him all that believe *are justified* from all things;' not *shall be*, but *are*. 'Therefore, being justified by faith,

we *have peace* with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.' It is a present blessing. I quite think with thee, that many Christians know more of *peace* than *joy*, and how often is it promised. Jesus said, 'Peace I leave with you,' &c., and in Isaiah we read 'Thou wilt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed on Thee.' Mayst thou, dear T., know much of this sweet peace: clinging to Jesus, mayst thou know *Him* to be thy peace; looking unto Him, mayst thou realize that His precious blood has washed away all thy sins.

"I am in a low spot just now, so unable to realize the glorious truths of the gospel; but it is such a comfort to know that my salvation does not at all depend on my feelings, but on what Christ Jesus has done for me. God looks at Him and not at me, and if I am accepted at all, it must be in Him! That is a striking verse in Malachi, 'I am the Lord, I change not, *therefore* ye sons of Jacob are not consumed.' If God could change, if His word could be altered, then there would be no hope for me, but 'with Him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.'

"To E. O.

"27th 7mo., 1861.

"Loving thanks for the texts. How often we have to cry, 'help Thou my unbelief,' we are so slow to believe the love which God hath to us; so slow to take His precious promises to ourselves, instead of feeling sure that

because He says it, it must come to pass, even in our experience, if we only believe. 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness,'—is not this an encouraging word to a trembling believer? We may be afraid of making some great mistakes, of doing harm instead of good, or of failing altogether in some duty that comes before us: and it is well to distrust ourselves, to feel *our* weakness; but, oh, let us not forget that 'in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength,' and it is *in Him for us*, for we are told to be 'strong,' not in ourselves, but '*in the Lord*, and in the power of His might.'

"Dearest —, let us dwell more and more on the treasures of wisdom, and every needed grace which are laid up for us in Christ Jesus our Lord. The more we look to Him and seek to live in communion with Him, the happier will be our Christian walk, and we shall long to tell others of His goodness that they may share it too. O, there is no joy like the joy of God's salvation, even here, and what will it be when we see, as we never can on earth, the *greatness* of His love:

"That wonderful verse in 2 Cor. v. has been just brought before me again with a fulness of meaning I never saw before; changing the place of two words makes it read so much more clearly, 'He hath made Him to be *sin for us* who knew no sin, that we might be made *in Him* the *righteousness of God*. Words cannot tell, thought cannot reach the height and depth of this glorious truth. Jesus

taking our place as a sinner, we taking His place as all holy : what marvellous love !

“ To E. E.

“ 10th 7mo., 1861.

“ I was sorry to have so poor an account of thy dear mother, it must have been very trying to thee to find her worse on thy return. I hope she is better again now, if such be our gracious Father's will. His will is always, always best, though we cannot see it so sometimes ; were it always clear, there would be no room for the exercise of faith, no opportunity for glorifying God by a simple, child-like dependance when all around is dark.

“ From a few words in thy letter, I imagine that at the time of writing thou wast feeling in a low spot, mourning the absence of even good desires : does not thou think that our God often thus deals with us to teach, what alas we are so slow to learn, that from first to last our salvation is of His *free* grace ? We are so apt to forget this, for though we readily admit our lost condition and that Christ alone can save us, yet practically we seem to think a degree of fitness requisite ere we can expect forgiveness, ere we attain the ‘ glorious liberty of sons of God ; ’ we imagine that if only we *feel* more and *strive* more, God will be more ready to hear our prayers, more ready to bestow the gift of life : but surely this is a great mistake and very dishonouring to God, for it shows our unwillingness to receive the salvation He has provided.

as a *free gift*; we cannot merit it, but at least we hope to do a little, a very little, just to show our earnestness, and that we have a little claim on His mercy; and so far as my experience goes, I believe this is why we are so often cast down, why from time to time we are stripped of good and made to see our utter helplessness, that we may learn how it is *all, all* of grace, and that we may see the greatness of that love that stooped to rescue us from endless ruin. Oh, dearest, let us not hesitate to take God at His word, and to believe, not because *we feel* its truth, but because He who cannot lie has said it.

“‘The Lord *hath laid on Him* (Christ) *the iniquity of us all*,’ therefore *our* sins were upon Him, and lest we should hesitate God sends us another message, ‘I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins; return unto me for *I have redeemed* thee.’ It is done, all done, and done for ever; and now God asks us just to believe what He has said, and tells us that ‘He that *believeth hath* everlasting life.’ It is wonderful, very wonderful, but we must not doubt on that account,—no, rather let us, with humble gratitude, take the gift and rejoice as those only may ‘whose sins are covered, whose transgressions are forgiven.’ No longer need we fear to approach the holy Lord God, if we believe He is our Father, our reconciled Father in Christ Jesus—well may the apostle call this ‘glorious liberty’—and the more we realize this blessedness, the easier shall we find it to resist the many temptations which beset us within and

without. Oh the joy and peace of believing ; it is indeed, as thou says, ' a foretaste of heaven,' a little glimpse of the glory that is to be revealed.

"What better can I wish for thee, my dear —, than this simple faith, which answers all doubts, all fears, by 'It is written, or God has said.' One more sweet text and then I must leave this delightful subject. 'Oh, how great is Thy goodness which Thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, which Thou hast wrought for them that trust in Thee before the sons of men.'"

"To M. E. B.

"21st 6mo., 1861.

"My very dear friend,

"I just write a line to say that if nothing unforeseen prevent, I quite hope to be with thee next Tuesday. . . . I can hardly realize that we may meet in so short a time ; but our loving God knows it all ; and He, I trust, will guide each step, and order every event as shall seem good to Him. How calmly we may leave it all in His hands, assured that He will care for us. Without this confidence, what could we do ? but with it, we may say with the Psalmist, 'I will fear no evil.' I know thou asks the Lord Jesus to keep me ; please ask Him, also, to make me a faithful witness, not ashamed to own my Lord wherever I may be—in the railway carriage as well as other places."

In retrospect of the visit :

" July 4th.

" I trust thou art enjoying much of the dear Saviour's presence this evening, and that continually He will be very near thee to bless thee. I often felt His presence in your house, and shall long look back to the pleasant time I passed there. May He, the Sun of Righteousness, shine more and more in every room, till all who enter may be conscious of it !

" Help me to praise Him, dearest, for bringing me home safely, and letting me find my dear mother well. O ! how kind and good He is ! May he give us more and more to realize the great blessings that are ours in Christ Jesus. My little journey was easily accomplished, and Jesus gave me strength to offer tracts to those in the carriage ; they were pleasantly received and read. I hesitated much about offering one to an aged gentleman who sat opposite, but while I was thinking what to do, he held out his hand for one. I suppose he saw I was puzzled, and so kindly made it easy. When the train stopped he remarked, ' There is full gospel here,' and then helped me out of the carriage.

" ' O for a heart to praise the Lord,

A heart from sin set free,

A heart that's sprinkled with the blood

So freely shed for me.'

" I know, dearest, that thou wilt often pray for me ;

I have before now been much helped by thee. . . .
When I look back I see so much imperfection and sin, so many opportunities slighted, that it is very sad : but if we confess our sin, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. What a resting-place that is ! And I do ask Him that no one but myself may suffer from my neglect."

Acknowledging her friend's remembrance of her in prayer, she proceeds :—

" July 13.

" May our gracious Lord give an hundredfold into thy own bosom, that thou mayst be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, and enabled in all things to live to His glory. Daily, hourly, how far short I fall of this, so seldom is Jesus in my thoughts. I felt condemned by every line of the tract I copied this morning, for alas ! I have been living *to self*, and not to the Lord. But I must not dwell on this ; rather let us, feeling our insufficiency, turn our thoughts to our blessed Saviour, in whom are ' hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge,' and all for us, for He is our wisdom, ' our all in all.'

" How much we lose for want of realizing the fulness of Christ, the high privileges that are ours in Him,—God, our Father ; Christ, our Redeemer ; the Holy Spirit, our Sanctifier and Comforter. ' If God be for

us, who can be against us?' Satan cannot, with all his wiles, vanquish the soul that abides in Jesus; though often, for want of watchfulness and close abiding, and sometimes, also, for the trial of our faith, he assaults and baffles us, and even at seasons appears to gain the mastery.

"Nothing preventing, we expect to leave for Barnet next Friday."

To the same.

"26th 7mo., 1861.

"My very dear friend,

"Thou wilt be surprised to see that I am at home, instead of at Barnet. I little thought, two weeks ago, that instead of going, I should be laid on a sick bed. I am much better now, and able to come down stairs again. Thus it has pleased our Heavenly Father once more to show us, that though we may plan, it is He alone who orders our way. It is so sweet to know this, to feel that our times are in His hand, and that all His dealings with us are in tenderest love. Help me to praise Him, dearest, He is so kind. He has been answering thy prayers for me, and letting me lie, as it were, in His bosom. Precious Jesus! He is so near; I feel His presence, and when alone could almost sing for joy. If thou wert here I could tell thee so much of His goodness. It is so wonderful, and to one so utterly unworthy, but it just shows the riches of His free grace, His

boundless love. I hope thou hast had many sweet seasons with Jesus in that dear room upstairs. I so often think of it. I am thankful to hear that our loving Saviour is leading thee on; and though the lessons He would teach are not always easy or pleasant, still it is sweet to know that He is dealing with us, taking pains to make us grow in likeness to Himself. And when we get deep views of sin and its exceeding sinfulness, till we loathe our hateful hearts, and feel almost too bad to be saved, it is just a proof that *He is* dealing with us, is it not? It is all *free grace* from first to last: and when at length He presents us "before the presence of His glory with exceeding joy," we shall be 'faultless,' because washed in His precious blood, and covered with the spotless robe of His righteousness, 'complete in *Him*,' not in ourselves.

" 'That I am nothing—*Christ is all*—
I would be daily taught.'

" Oh! how little we know, as yet, of *Christ being ALL*, not only all our plea before the throne, but *all* in every circumstance of our daily life, outward as well as spiritual—to see Him in all things—to do all our duties as in His immediate presence, thinking, as Hewitson says, every thought in communion with Him. What sweet fellowship there must be in this; let us, dearest, *press* forward that we may know more of it, and so that we may grow more and more like Jesus, and be enabled to live to His glory.

"The tidings from Barnet are very sweet, so many of God's people are gathered there, and He Himself is with them."

Susan had cherished the hope that she might have been privileged this year to attend the conference of Christians held at Barnet: arrangements had been made for her doing so when an attack of illness laid her by. It was a peculiar disappointment, yet she recognised a loving Father's hand, and cheerfully accepted His dispensation, rejoicing that the symptoms of disease were sufficiently subdued to allow her beloved mother and brother to share in these solemn gatherings.

Again reverting to her favourite theme, she writes out of the fulness of her heart to the same beloved friend,—

"How different the Bible looks when the Holy Spirit opens our hearts to perceive its meaning, every word then glows with a new light, and we find something about Jesus in places where we had never suspected it before. How many beauties cluster round that precious name! And yet the world sees *no* beauty in Him, nothing to attract its gaze, or win its love; too surely has the prince of this world blinded the eyes of them that believe not. I

often wonder that ever God should have opened my eyes to see something of His glory 'in the face of Jesus Christ.' His love is indeed infinite. May He so richly fill thee with a sense of it, that thou may go on thy way rejoicing, even though at times feeling as 'a lily in the midst of thorns.' He who kept Daniel in Babylon is equally willing and able to keep His children now, and to give them grace according to their need. Jesus knows all the trials and difficulties of the way, the temptations and the reproach we meet with from the world, for He trod a far rougher path than any of His people have to pass through. Loving Saviour! may He ever keep us near to Himself."

To the same.

"Dec. 9, 1861.

"How near we are to the close of another year, and how little we know, or need to know of what is in the future, if only our life is hid with Christ in God."

CHAPTER IV.

"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee," might be taken as the motto for the last year of dear Susan's life. The closing extract from the correspondence of 1861, shews how confidently the future was anticipated, while its probabilities may have been foreshadowed by the declining state of her health. On New Year's day, 1862, as she subsequently acknowledged, the last lines of Newton's hymn for that season dwelt much with her.

"To thy saints while here below,
With new years new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know,
Is the last, which leads them home."

In the previous autumn she wrote to her brother,—

"We are intending to make a little effort to extend the circulation of the 'British Messenger,' 'Herald,' 'Workman,' &c., next year, and shall begin canvassing

next week, if nothing prevent. I am to take my Bible district, and go in and out as I can manage. Wilt thou ask that I may have grace to do this little business rightly, that words in season may be given? It is very easy to fuss about, and make a little noise, and think we are doing something, but that is far different from quiet, earnest work *for Jesus*; this latter is what one longs for."

Jealous lest there should be an indolent yielding to the physical weakness which so incapacitated her for much exertion, this new effort was made, and in the prosecution of it a chill was taken which, it is believed, originated the illness that gradually conducted to the close of her earthly pilgrimage. The visits were only partially accomplished, and she was mostly confined to the house during the winter. In the early part of 1862 she attended meeting for the last time, and acknowledged having been favoured with a better season than often in that place, but was quite overpowered by going, and could hardly read or think the rest of the day.

As the spring approached there was such an evident decrease of strength that a short tarryance at Malvern was tried, in the hope that the change might be the means of restoring her,

but this hope failed. The effects of the chill taken the previous autumn became developed; cough and fever ensued, the prostrating effects of which left her with only sufficient power to bear the journey home, on the 2nd of 5th month. From that day she was not again out of doors.

For years her life had been a continual struggle with the infirmities of the frail tabernacle: by them she had been cut off from many sources of active enjoyment; yet for this she did not grieve. What she most felt was the want of power to engage as vigorously in efforts to promote the interests of her dear Redeemer's kingdom, as her love for Him, and for the souls which He died to redeem would have prompted. Those who knew her best can testify, that to her power, and beyond her power, she laboured and fainted not in his service. When thoroughly laid aside, her acknowledgment that it was a great relief to be freed from the struggle she had so long had to maintain, was very touching. Not that her interest in the Lord's work had one whit declined, or her willingness to serve Him lessened, but the physical power had failed, and she rejoiced to be

able with an easy mind, to relinquish the strain under which she had so long laboured. With calmness and with thankfulness she received the intimation that her illness would probably issue in a release from the shackles of mortality. "It was so kind to tell me," she sweetly said; and it was evidently no unwelcome or unexpected tidings, that ere long she would see Him whom absent, she loved—would see, whom unseen she adored.

In the variations of the complaint which followed, dear Susan found exercises of faith and patience. The years of weakness and suffering that had been her portion had much weaned her from earth, while her growing knowledge of, and love for her blessed Saviour, led her earnestly to desire to depart and to be with Him, which she felt would be far better; yet the desire was guarded with jealous care—she sought for ability in sincerity to say, "Nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt."

Although the effort of writing was generally followed by an increase of fever, yet as long as she could hold a pen or pencil, she continued to

testify to her absent friends of her deep interest in the things of the Kingdom, and of the blessedness of simply resting upon the Saviour.

“To E. T.

“Hill Cottage,
Great Malvern.

“I can truly sympathise with thee in the weakness and consequent weariness of the body, but I rejoice to hear that *as* thy sufferings abound, so thy consolation also aboundeth by Christ Jesus. Sometimes we do seem pressed almost beyond measure, so that, like the apostle, we are ready to ‘despair even of life;’ but just then the pressure is lessened, or a fresh supply of grace given, and we go forward again ‘leaning on our Beloved.’ While I was reading thy letter I could not help thinking of what Job said, ‘All the days of my appointed time will I wait until my change come;’ and oh! I felt I had need of patience, for lately I have longed to cease this conflict—but only for the *rest* I fear, and not for the glory of our Lord and Saviour.

“Pray for me, dearest, that all these sinful thoughts may be taken away and that I may be equally willing to go or stay just as He pleases. Always ready, with our loins girded and our lamps burning—may this be our position. Our gracious Lord alone can give the needed grace—and will He withhold it? No, indeed! His love is too great for that.

"When I opened my text book this morning I found such a sweet collection, commencing with 'The Lord was my stay.' How often may we say that, as we look back on the dangers through which He has safely guided us. With the Lord for our stay what more do we need? Oh, it is all so wonderful! to think that He should let *us* lean on Him, and not only *let* us but *invite* us to 'cast *all our care* upon Him.' By and bye we shall know how to praise Him as we cannot here."

Referring to the doctor's impression of improvement in the symptoms:

"To J. T. T.

"23rd 5mo., 1862.

"How many ups and downs this earthen vessel gets, all needed, all sent in love and meant to teach some lesson. Ask that our Father's discipline may accomplish all His purpose. I have been longing to go, but the time is not yet come it seems. 'You would not wish to go before the Lord Jesus had prepared a mansion for you, would you?' was said to one who was looking wistfully to the other side. We had better leave it all in His hands, and trust to Him to choose the right time."

"4th 6mo., 1862.

"I am just *kept*, (not keeping myself,) resting in my Saviour's love, and power to save. I like not to look either back or to the future, but to leave it all with Him. Oh, *He is good!*"

In a tremulous hand :—

“ To M. E. B.

June 2, 1862.

“ My very dear Friend,

“ Many, many thanks for thy last loving letter, also for Bible answers which I now return, I have so enjoyed reading them.

“ I did remember the interesting individual thou mentioned for a time, but I am sorry to say that my memory is so bad he had slipped from my view. Is it not a deep, clear sense of sin, his own sin, that he wants? If he only felt himself *lost* then he would be willing to be ‘*found*,’ even on God’s own terms. I think it must be particularly hard to those lovely characters to feel that they are, in God’s sight, as bad as the vilest. Nothing but His Spirit can convince them of this, and this is what I asked.

“ Jesus, our tender Shepherd, keeps me so safely and quietly now I can do nothing, even prayer is an effort, but He is always near and supplies my every want. Oh! how He does comfort in weariness. Pray still, please dearest, that the *Lord’s will* in *all* things may be done.

“ May He shower *rich* blessings upon thee, even the dew and graces of His Spirit, that thou may be ‘Filled with all the fulness of God.’ With kindest love, believe me ever,

“ Thine most affectionately, SUSAN T.”

“My precious brother,

“A few pencil lines will serve to tell thee how much thou art in my thoughts. I suppose thou wilt want to know how I am :—very variable, brisk comparatively, and able to read, or write, or work a little while, and then so tired that lying with my eyes shut and quite quiet seems best. I come down between ten and eleven, and go to bed at eight. It is so nice to be down stairs, and our little parlour seems sometimes like a sanctuary, such delightful calm. I am sitting in the easy chair to write this; I generally do for an hour or two after coming down, and again a bit in the evening, it is so restful. Oh, I am surrounded with blessings, spiritual and temporal—every want supplied : help me to praise our tender, loving Lord, who indeed ‘doeth all things well.’

“Dear S. A. B. has brought me the text, ‘Christ is all,’ in very large coloured letters, to hang in my bedroom, also the ‘name that is above every name,’ JESUS; the latter I have on the wall opposite me, and the other over the mantelpiece; having a night light, I can see them whenever I wake, and sometimes lie a good while looking at them, specially at *The Name*.

“‘Jesus Thy name I love,
All other names above.
Jesus my Lord.’

“Wilt thou ask for me that I may quite lose my own will? I *know* our Heavenly Father’s will is *best*, is all

right, but I find some little wish or other creeping in at times. Ask also for patience to meet quietly all the *little* things that in my weak state annoy me; they are such trifles, no one else perhaps would notice them. I think the Good Shepherd has taught me a little, for sometimes when they come He shows me it is just an exercise and sent in love. I've just been resting on His arm, and shielded from the roughness of the way in His bosom—(Isaiah xl. 11)—the last two or three weeks; thank Him for His loving care.

“And now, dearest, farewell in the Lord, and may He bless thee abundantly, and feed thy soul with His love. Thanks for thy willingness to let me go when the time comes. The prospect has looked very inviting lately; but I want to have no will about it.”

“To E. O.

“20th 6mo.

“Many thanks for thy letter and for the beautiful text:—yes, dearest, I have found it a blessed portion; our gracious Redeemer has in times of great weakness given me to feel sweet rest and peace in Him. Full of sin and unable to do the *least* thing, too weak even to pray, He has showed me how all was *done for* me, and that simple trust in His finished work was all my part. And oh, darling, it is true rest, thus to cast oneself on the Lord Jesus.

“‘Dearest Saviour,
I believe for *Thou hast said.*’

"What a rock to cling to, the words of the living God ; they are unchangeable, and can never pass away.

"The doctor says I *may* get so far better as to live for years ; of course this is not in man's power to say. How sweet to look up to God, our reconciled Father in Christ, and say and *feel*, 'My times are in *Thy* hand ;' yes, and there I can leave them, knowing He will order all things for the best."

On the 7th of 7mo. she writes to a dear friend,

"I do not find that temptation is quite excluded from this snug spot, but it is perhaps necessary for the trial of faith and patience. What I seem in most danger of is forgetting my good and tender Shepherd, at times at least, instead of *constantly* leaning on His bosom—and yet, oh ! He is so kind, and last night, when I felt as if I could not even bear mother's voice, He so quickly soothed my restlessness and all was calm.'

And again to the same :

"These frail tabernacles of ours seem sometimes as if they could not hold together much longer, but then a little fresh strength is given and the soul is still detained below. Oh that this waiting time may be spent in getting closer to Him, that precious Saviour, whom having not seen we love, but with whom we hope in 'a little while to be, and that for ever. I long to lie down at His feet

to be really there with Him, to see Him as He is, and to be like Him, freed from all sin and from every thought of sin. How glorious is our prospect; as Rutherford says, 'It were a well spent journey though seven deaths lay between.' How light our heaviest trials will seem when the journey is done, or rather will they not be among our richest blessings?

"To E. E.

"15th 9mo., 1862.

"My beloved —

"Thy kind letter of sympathy was very welcome, and I am inclined to take the first opportunity of penning a few lines—it is but seldom now that I can write at all. How different are our positions, one called to active, the other to passive duty; our gracious Lord knows just what is best for us. He will I trust abundantly bless thee in all things: specially in the important step, (marriage,) which is before thee just now. May He guide and keep thee in every step, giving thee such love to Himself as shall constrain thee in all things to live, not for the dear ones around thee, but for Him, seeking to glorify Him. Would that I did this more; but, dearest, I am learning how health is the time for loving service, as well as for getting acquainted with God. I am often too weary now even to think, but through my Saviour's love I am kept quiet, unable to realize the future, the great change which must sooner or later come. He keeps me at rest. I have no hope but in Him, and His promise

cannot fail. He is a sure refuge—a safe hiding place—a never failing friend. ‘Tempted in all points like as we are, and touched with a feeling of our infirmities,’ He is ready to help and sustain in all the varied relations of life. Wonderful love! Oh, what will it be to see Him and be with Him for ever! Now I am weary, so must say *Farewell*.”

After the commencement of her illness Susan was seldom able to bear more than a few verses from the Bible read at a time. Single texts often sufficed, or a group bearing on the same point. She had a great objection to being crowded with different ideas, preferring to lay hold upon one, and, so to speak, masticating it thoroughly, that it might afford real nourishment to the soul. “Daily Light on the Daily Path,” a text book kindly presented by the compiler, was a great treasure to her: she would read the head text and then endeavour to elucidate it for herself by other texts, before reading those which had been selected. This, and a large-print Testament, which, when she was no longer able to use her favourite Bible, had taken its place, were regularly placed beside her at night, that she might have an early morning portion. Later in her ill-

ness "The Silent Comforter," the gift of a dear friend, suspended in her room, proved what its name imports; and "The Believer's Daily Portion," given by her loving little cousins within the last month of her protracted illness, contained the last words of written truth to which she was able to listen.

Often she slept but little, yet through much of her illness she preferred being left alone at night with only occasional attendance. Once in the gray dawn of the morning, when her mother had gone into her room, she said so brightly, "I have had a companion with me," which she describes as an angelic presence, so much more real than she had ever experienced before, and she added, "it was so sweet." During another of these morning visits she was found very happy in the midst of the cough and wakefulness, and this song had been given her :

"My heart within me leapeth,
And cannot down be cast;
In sunshine bright it keepeth
A never ending feast.
The sun which smiling lights me,
Is Jesus Christ alone ;

And what to sing invites me,
Is heaven on earth begun."

Many such songs were given, or she was pillowed on some precious text of Scripture. The remark being made, "It is no gloomy service, dear, to minister to thee in the night," she promptly replied, "It would be sad if it were, such a Friend as we have, and He fills the room with light."

When the prospect of a lengthened illness had unfolded before her, the prayer of her heart had been that she might be enabled to glorify her Lord and Saviour. She looked rather sad at the thought, that, laid aside as she was, there was nothing she could do to glorify Him, but was comforted by the assurance that He is glorified by the manifested power of His grace to sustain in weakness and in suffering; and very strikingly was she enabled to do this, and to exemplify the truth of the assurance "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee."

While suffering much from feverish oppression, which was generally increased by any exertion, she did not shrink from receiving visits

from those to whom her heart felt drawn in Christian solicitude. She would earnestly seek for help, and endeavoured faithfully to speak a word of encouragement to such as were yet withholding the surrender of their hearts to the Lord; and she was from time to time remarkably strengthened, amid great bodily weakness, to bear testimony to the "truth as it is in Jesus." A spiritual perception seemed given her, by which what she said was peculiarly adapted for those to whom it was addressed. Her natural diffidence disappeared, while with deep earnestness, and with a beaming countenance, she testified of a Saviour's full and free salvation, and gave utterance to the longings of her heart, that all her friends and all around her should know and experience it to the full. Susan ever kept uppermost in her thought that she was a sinner saved by grace; *her text*, as she emphatically styled it, was "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," She wished to have this visibly before her and those who visited her, and with considerable effort worked it in perforated cardboard during her

illness, when it was framed and hung in her room. The same words became, at her own request, the motto of the card by which it was announced to her friends that she had fallen asleep in Jesus.

The last note to her brother is very characteristic:—

“My own loved brother,

“I feel as if I must write a few lines, to tell thee of the Lord’s goodness; we have had such a week of blessings, spiritual and temporal. Dear —’s visit was very refreshing, she has such a sweet spirit, and our gracious Lord condescended to be so near, and to give us to rejoice in Him. Oh, it is true joy when He manifests Himself. I feel sometimes as if I must sing; but I must wait till I get *home*, and then no sore throat or chest will hinder me. Oh, John, to think of my having such a hope! me—such a sinner!—but that’s just it: He came to save the sinners. Precious, precious Saviour! Oh, to glorify Him—every day—always! Help me to praise Him for His goodness, it is so great. So fully does He supply all our need, that there seems, at times, nothing left to ask for: praise is, or should be, our work. All praise in heaven; nothing will ever come there to interrupt or mar the fulness of the song. There the white robes will shine in spotless purity, tell-

ing of His grace, 'who loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' How bright the thought of spending eternity together in praising Him our souls' Beloved!

"Now farewell! May grace and peace be multiplied unto thee, through Jesus Christ.

"Thy own loving sister."

Susan delighted to commemorate the many mercies, spiritual and temporal, she was continually receiving; and while she was able, a little record was kept of the daily tokens of loving thoughtfulness ministered by her many kind friends. She was often reminded of the lines,

"Dear ones come with fruit and flowers,
Thus to cheer my heart the while."

The remaining lines of the stanza she could not adopt, but there were portions of the hymn from which they are taken which, with some alterations, were very expressive of her feelings.

HYMN FOR SICKNESS.

Jesus! I am often weary,
When upon this bed of pain;

But if Thy sweet presence cheer me,
I can count my loss as gain.
Ever near me,
Ever near me, Lord, remain.

All my sins were laid upon Thee,
All my griefs were on Thee laid ;
For the blood of Thine atonement,
All my utmost debt has paid,
Dearest Saviour !
I believe, for Thou hast said.

Both Thine arms are clasp'd around me,
And my head is on Thy breast ;
Yes, my weary soul has found Thee
Such a *perfect, perfect* rest.
Dearest Saviour !
Now I know that I am blest.

During the whole of her illness it may truly be said, " the Lord was her sun and her shield," shining into her heart, and gladdening it with light and warmth, and shielding her from evil and the fear of evil. Sometimes the shadow of a cloud for a little season rested upon her, but it was quickly passed, and the enemy very rarely ventured to obtrude his insinuations ; when for a moment they were heard, they were imme-

diately taken to her Lord, and the enemy was rebuked and foiled.

She liked to compare herself to a feeble lamb, carried in the Good Shepherd's arms, and nestling in His bosom. "The lion may roar," she once said, and cast fierce glances, "but he can do no more."

She felt that she had given herself to the Lord, that He had undertaken to do all for her, and in childlike trust she confided in Him, saying that she had nothing to care for or trouble about; her Heavenly Father took all the care of every moment, and every event, and she need fear nothing: He would order all things well, and for His own glory. And at another time, when the words had been repeated to her, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them," and our Lord's own assurance, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," she responded, "Yes, I was asking Him one night to be with me, and He so gently reminded me that He is always present, and that what we need is to *realize* this." The simplicity of faith

was referred to, that we receive all things through it. "Yes, it is just taking God at His word."

Dear Susan's chamber was, indeed, a hallowed spot, and it was felt to be a solemn stewardship constantly to witness the manifested power of divine grace, and the reflected glory that at times beamed in that heaven-lit countenance. Much record could not be made, but from what was preserved some extracts are given.

26th of 8th month.—Dearest S. continues very poorly. Her great weakness and inability to do anything led to the remark, what a blessing it was that the great work of the soul's salvation was accomplished. "Yes, she replied, "long, long ago. Jesus did it, did it all, long, long ago," and went through the hymn beginning

"Nothing either great or small,
Nothing, sinner, no—
Jesus did it—did it all—
Long, long ago."

Calmly resting in simple faith, she spoke of her inability even to feel good desires, and mentioned the saying of some Christian, that if he had any

good desires, he knew they came from God. She spoke of death, and of a kind of shrinking which would sometimes come from the thought of the transition—the *act* of transition—comparing it to the thought of being introduced to some good person whom you have a great desire to see, and yet you shrink from the first introduction—a real effort to one of her diffident, retiring character. We sought to renew our faith by reference to the full and unfailing promises, and after a while she remarked, “What would any of them be worth, if they could fail us then ;” It was truly as a conquered enemy, or rather, perhaps, as a somewhat austere friend, that she looked upon this final sundering of the mortal and the immortal.

14th of 9th month.—Dearest S. is very ill, so much pain in the right side of the chest, oppression, &c. Before going to bed she remarked, “How good it is to be kept in quiet—quiet from fear of evil :” that when she felt very poorly and the thought came, “What sort of a night shall I get ?” it was at once put away : so mercifully is she shielded from all anxiety as to what may await her.

21st.—A little cloud appears to have obscured dearest S.'s horizon, which she described this evening, she had so little consciousness of her Saviour's presence. A thought had obtruded, that in the free outpouring of her heart to Him, she had been too familiar, not sufficiently reverent, and in consequence, she had kept more aloof from Him; yet she was hungering for His loving smile, and longing to enjoy Him as she had been wont. The subtlety of the enemy was pointed out, how he seeks to keep us from Christ; and she was encouraged to turn from the suggestion, and to seek, as before, to draw near to that loving Saviour, who delights to have His people pour out their hearts before Him. A season of quiet followed, after which the dear one smiled so sweetly; the cloud was gone; and she said, "Thou hast so helped me." She had found Him whom her soul loved, and was so evidently again rejoicing in His love.

24th.—She intimated how difficult it was to realize service without weariness—"day and night, no cessation, these poor bodies must be so changed, 'sown in weakness, raised in power;'

the sowing is bare grain, the life raised from that is so different. Then 'in His presence is fulness of joy,' every vessel whether larger or smaller will be filled with Him. We need not concern ourselves as to what our place in Heaven will be, happy Phebe was right, she was content with her lowly lot on earth, and she could leave it with her Master to 'show her where to sit' in His kingdom; she did not say, O, I shall sit just within the gate, but left it to Him to choose for her."

30th.—The thought of special interest to day has been the "white robes," to which her "Silent Comforter" directed her. In the evening she exclaimed, "Oh how blessed to be clothed in a white robe, how the prophet must have felt when he wrote those words,"—referring to Isaiah lxi. 10—"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God, for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness,"—he must have been ready to shout aloud."

6th of 10mo.—On leaving dear S. after she retired to bed, she said, "The word to night is

“ ‘Thy Father’s hand ordains,
All these thy griefs and pains ;
A little while they too are past and gone.’ ”

The day had been one of much exhaustion and weariness, and the oppression in the evening very trying, so that it was difficult to her to get to bed.

11th.—We are drawing to the close of a week of much interest, the days have been fully occupied. 5th was our Monthly Meeting, and dearest S. was rather more able than sometimes to see her friends and enjoy a few minutes of their company, witnessing to all of the sweet sustaining grace that is keeping her in unruffled peace. Her song in the night was

“ In life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my all.”

13th.—The words in her heart during the afternoon were,—

“ Praise ye Jehovah ! God, the Lord who gave us,
With full and perfect love, His only Son ;
Praise ye the Son, who died Himself to save us !
Praise ye the Spirit ! praise the Three in One.

There has been much prostration to day. She saw J. M. at noon, to whom she said,—“If those in health knew what Christ is in sickness, they would strive to know Him to be their Saviour. And if they knew the weakness and the weariness of illness—the inability to think, they would not put off seeking Him for a time of sickness.”

17th.—There is an evident increase of weakness, dearest S. only leaves her bed about four hours, and these are mostly spent in a recumbent posture; referring to it, she said, “What a privilege this weakness is, it makes one know so much more of the Saviour. He is so near bidding me just to rest. And then it is so nice to know more of Him. He will not seem so much of a stranger when I get home. It is so sweet to have a home.” She has given some directions as to the disposal of her books, &c., during the last two or three days. Asking if she had any opinion respecting herself, she said, “No, she just received what came, but could not see through it.” Sometimes the idea of protracted illness and weakness felt trying, but she wished to have no will, when any little thing occurred to her

she thought it right to do it as a precaution in case she should not rally. "It would be so nice to have Him come."

20th.—Tokens of the kind consideration of our friends and of our Heavenly Father's watchful care filled her heart with thankfulness; as she referred to them she said those words seemed to express her state, "Satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord."

25th.—Last evening dearest S. was rather depressed under the apprehension that she had yielded to indolence, making the great oppression which had prevailed for several days a reason for not seeking her Lord's presence by prayer; she did not experience it with her as she had been wont; the enemy evidently took advantage of her great weakness to harass her for a little while. To day a striking proof of considerate kindness in a very unexpected quarter touched her much, and when in the evening reference was made to her being brighter to day, that her Saviour was felt to be near, she replied, "How could I help being bright when He is giving so many proofs of His love. *There* we shall praise Him as we

ought, there will be no sin to hinder. 'In all their afflictions He was afflicted,' and so it is good to be afflicted to learn more of Him." Then referring to one who had shown kindness, she said, "Is there not a blessing promised to those who remember the widow and the fatherless?"

26th.—As dear S. was about to lie down on her couch, she said she feared her hair was not very tidy, it was replied that if she were going to a party it might require some attention, but that it would do very nicely for lying down. Her countenance was at once lighted up with the thought of that innumerable company who have "washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." "When I go into a party I shall be suitably attired, the robe is ready, all who are there will be clothed alike;" and she dwelt for some time on the bright anticipation of soon joining them.

27th.—The experience of David Brainerd, some account of whom had been read to her, and some sentiments he expressed rather discouraged her, as feeling a want of correspondence in herself. She was reminded that we are not all led alike,

and could not expect precisely the same unfoldings. "No, he was a strong man, and I am only a little babe," and then she rested anew on her foundation text, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners," and referred to the last stanza of Newton's hymn, "Confidence:—"

"In my Saviour's intercession,
Therefore I will still confide :
Lord, accept my free confession,
I have sinned, but Thou hast died.
This is all I have to plead,
This is all the plea I need !

The whole hymn was read to her comfort.

29th.—To-day the dear one has seemed so much better, that is, during the afternoon and evening; her tea was unusually enjoyed, and she did a little work after being settled on her couch. Part of the account of "Nannie" was read, a very favourite one with her, and of which she had spoken last evening. When she was laid down in bed she asked for a few verses, selecting the last of Hebrews xi. and the first three of the 12th chapter. It was a season of much enjoyment; she spoke of the comforts with which she

was surrounded, in contrast with what so many of the Lord's people have endured ; but she supposed, as she was such a bruised reed, she could not sustain what they did. The words, " I sat under His shadow with great delight, and His fruit was sweet to my taste," elicited the question, " Does sitting under His *shadow* mean affliction ?" When he takes you " to His banqueting house, His banner over you is love ;" but the poor bride hardly knew how to sustain this ; she cried, " ' Stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples, for I am sick of love ;'—and it is almost overpowering when you realize it." She then quoted from " Last Words of Samuel Rutherford"—

“ Oh, I am my Beloved's,
And my Beloved is mine !
He brings a poor vile sinner
Into His " house of wine ;"
I stand upon His merit,
I know no safer stand,
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land,"—

And added, " I do so like that verse !"

30th.—This morning, some hesitation having been felt whether it would be right to leave her for the attendance of meeting, she requested that she might not prevent. It was, however, thought best to remain with her, when she asked, “Do we not sometimes have nicē little meetings here? We do not meet with the church, but we meet with the Head of the church.”

10th of 11th month.—Still calmly resting; kept in quietness and cheerfulness. After a severe fit of coughing, Susan referred to the stanza,—

“Yes, billow after billow—see they come
Faster and rougher, as her little boat
Nears evermore the haven. Oftentimes
It seems to sink and fall adown the wave,
As if borne backward by the struggling tide;
Yet mounting billow after billow, wave
On wave o’erriding, tempest toss’d and shatter’d,
Still, still it nears the haven evermore.”

11th.—“I have two ideas of heaven: one of exulting joy, when you will be constrained to sing, and the other of deep adoration, when there will be solemn silence. This poor body says it

could not bear it, it would be so overpowering; but there will be strength then. O what a change it will be! We talk of it, but we cannot realize it." Very precious is the feeling of holy calm that rests upon her, and very lovely the radiance that lights up her countenance when speaking of her bright hope and present peace.

12th.—In the morning, dearest S. being much oppressed with fever, said, "I think I can enter into Paul's words, 'For the present not joyous but grievous.' I have not often felt so." In the afternoon she was brighter, and saw two or three of her young friends. One of them, in much tenderness, acknowledged her want of peace. Dearest S. advised her so earnestly to leave off trying to make herself better, and to go and tell Jesus just how she felt, acknowledging her inability to help or save herself. The contrast was striking between the blooming girl in health, yet confessedly unhappy, and the dear fading sufferer, calm, peaceful, happy,—ready with words of cheer to encourage to a full trust in a loving and Almighty Saviour, and witnessing so clearly to His power to save and bless, point-

ing to *her* text, "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." When her visitors had left, dear Susan had lost the power to speak, her throat was so much oppressed, and continued so most of the evening; yet she was able to enjoy a sweet season of fellowship and prayer with a dear Christian friend, as her beaming face showed; and she afterwards acknowledged, that in the silence that followed the prayer, the Saviour felt so near, she could almost, as it were, see Him. "It seemed as though it would be so sweet to go, but I can wait. I do sometimes so long to be with Him! Is it wrong? I wish not to be impatient, and check the thought." During the afternoon, two instances of protracted weakness—twenty-four and thirty years in bed—were referred to. It was remarked, resignation to such an allotment could be given. "Yes," she responded, "and joy."

23rd.—Much oppressed in the morning; asked me to pray that she might have patience. In the afternoon relieved, and able to converse a little; spoke of her inability to read. She tried to read her texts this morning, but found it very diffi-

cult; she could see the words in a mass, but could not read them. It was the same with prayer, "it would not spread out in words." She was reminded that "He will fulfil the *desire* of them that fear Him." "Yes, He does fulfil my desire, even in little things"—dwelling on the word, fear—"not being afraid of Him as an angry God, but afraid to grieve Him. By and bye there will be no fear; 'perfect love casteth out fear.'"

25th.—In the afternoon the fever was very high, and the oppression great; for a time it seemed hard to bear, but gradually there was a hush, and she was enabled to lie quite still, while her face was a deep crimson. Remarking this to her, as an evidence that the everlasting arms were underneath, she said, "Yes, I feel it;" and when somewhat relieved, she spoke of the effect of such fever as helping to unloose some of the pins of the tabernacle. Reading to her part of Luke xii., she remarked on the 22nd verse to the 30th, "This was said to the disciples as preachers of the gospel; their business was not to provide for the body, as it was said

to Peter. They gave up their fishing after their Lord's ascension, and devoted themselves to His work." Her clearness in apprehending scripture is unimpaired.

27th.—Referring, in the morning, to the portion on her "Comforter," and "Believer's Daily Portion," also in "Daily Light," dearest S. said, "It is resurrection and glory for to-day. What a wonderful word that is: 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die.' As that is true, it is not right to say that the believer died, but, he fell asleep in Jesus." When preparing to settle for the night, "It is cause for thankfulness that He has given me to feel quite willing to wait as long as He pleases. At one time I felt as though I hardly could be willing to remain for years, but if He saw it good to keep me, He could give the grace needful, and I might learn more of Him." It was suggested, "And reflect Him more fully and clearly." With such a bright smile, she responded, "Oh, that would be so nice!" She then referred to

A. L. Newton's watchword, "To be growing in grace hourly, filled with the spirit, burning with love to Christ, and Christians, and sinners; to be a reflection of Him in the world, and working while it is day," as the expression of her heart's longings.

1st of 12mo.—Increasingly weak. After having some cocoa in the night, dearest S. said, "How beautifully quiet it is; it must be His quiet. Safe folded in the Shepherd's arms; what a sweet resting-place that is!

2nd.—Last evening, as dear H. B. was sitting beside her, the expression of her countenance became very striking, as if a reflection of the glory on which her upturned eye seemed gazing, rested upon it. We watched intently, apprehending the soul might be about to quit its earthly tenement, but presently she spoke, and words, "*He's very near, isn't He?*" proved with whom she was communing, while she ovingly turned from one to the other and added, "And He is near to you too,"

This morning, referring to the texts in "Daily Light," "Ye have an unction from the

Holy One," &c., she remarked that she had been struck latterly in observing how the Holy Spirit keeps Himself out of view, that it is *Christ* He brings before the soul : it is His *office* to take of the things of Christ, and to show them unto us. In the Revelation it is the Father and the Son, —the Son, as having taken our nature. The marriage of the Lamb ! What a mystery that is !"

In the afternoon, being alone together, precious S. expressed her enjoyment of quiet converse. She commemorated her many mercies, and referred to the favour of last evening. I said, "The Saviour seemed very near to thee." "Yes, very near." Her lips quivered as she recurred to it, and said, "He asked me if I was ready, and said He was coming soon : it was so gracious to speak to me." Being asked what response she made, she replied, "My heart said O yes, Lord, in thine own time !" and to the enquiry if she saw the Saviour,— "No, but I realized His presence. It is *faith* now ; it will be *sight* by and bye. I do not wish to see Him beforehand, not till I see Him as He is." She

mentioned a former occasion, when He had seemed so near, and allusion was made to the night season in the earlier part of her illness when she was conscious of a spiritual presence.

"Yes, but *that* was an angel—*now* it is *Himself*—the little lamb is so weak that He cares for it Himself."

To her mother, on her remarking, "I know thou prays for me, dearest," she replied, "I have given thee to Him, and I know He will do all for thee; He will be more to thee than He has ever been; thou wilt know more of Him and of His love. I have given all my friends to Him. I am too weak to pray for them now, but He knows just what they need, and He will supply them." After a severe fit of coughing, as she lay back, "It is all love!" referring both to the love of her Heavenly Father, and to that of her friends in their kind ministrations. "I have no care or fear, He keeps me; yes, in perfect peace."

She expressed a wish to see her dear brother again. He came on the 5th. "When I had come," he remarks, "she said it had all been ordered well, and she thought there was some

special purpose in my coming then,—and she gave instructions respecting the cards to be printed when she was gone, the funeral, &c.”

A special season of favour on the evening of the following day led her to refer to the belief which she had expressed, that there was a purpose in her brother's coming earlier than he before intended, and said this was the reason. The following notes of this precious hour are supplied by a dear friend who was present :—

“ On going up to her she gave me a most loving welcome, and after a little while said, ‘ This has been a happy day. I may say—happy I—happy I.’ Her countenance was beaming with happiness, and a lovely smile rested upon it, while her eyes were directed upward, and she said, ‘ He is so near, so *very* near, and He has been so near all day.—Sometimes it is *quiet*, sometimes it is *peace*, but to-day it has been *joy*, but all in *Him*!’ Her dear mother said, ‘ She loves to have her dear ones around her,’ to which she replied, so sweetly, ‘ That they may share in my joy.’ This was indeed manifested by the heavenly radiance which was around her.

Speaking of the glories of the heavenly home,
her mother quoted—

“ ‘ Our knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim.’

“ Dear Susan said ‘ Finish the lines.’

“ ‘ But ’tis enough that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with Him.’

“ After a united precious time of silence, the language of thanksgiving was uttered, and on bidding farewell, she said, with such a sweet smile, ‘ *He is so good !* ’ ”

7th.—To-day there has been much weakness and exhaustion, yet she has been “ kept,” and was bright in the evening ; able to bear testimony to her uncle of the Saviour’s goodness and abiding presence, and to enjoy a time of much favour with dear H. B. Remarking that she used to wonder, when in health, whether her faith would stand the test of a dying hour, she added, emphatically, “ But I find it firm standing on the Rock of Ages.”

9th.—Last evening, after a day of much exhaustion, while H. B. and I were talking, S. felt as though her Saviour beckoned her apart to

hold communion with Himself, and warm and glowing was her renewed testimony to the preciousness of His love:—"If He had only redeemed me—but to give me a place in His heart!"

This evening, with a realizing faith, she exclaimed, "What a portion is ours! The eternal God is our refuge; Jesus Christ is our Saviour; the Holy Spirit is our Comforter; and there is such an inheritance in store for us!"

The effort of being removed from her bed while it was made had become almost more than she could sustain. Remarking to her, after being replaced in it, how nicely she had managed, she said, "I asked and was helped, for I felt so faint I did not know how I should manage, and I thought it would be so trying for you; these were hardly words, but He fulfilleth the *desire* of them that fear Him, and I do fear to offend Him."

10th.—Dearest S. asked how long I thought it would be, and then added, "Perhaps He will give me a joyful surprise. I feel as though I must stand ready."

12th.—Very ill in the morning, and I thought

would be hardly able to speak to L. F., who called, but she was marvellously strengthened to bear testimony to her Lord and Saviour, exalting Him above all, and deprecating everything that comes before Him, or between the soul and Him. It was a blessed season; the dear one seemed lifted above the weakness of the body. Her Lord evidently was very present, strengthening her, and giving words of life and power. L. F. thus records it: "She spoke much of the continual presence of Christ with His people; that it is distrust of Him to ask Him to be with us, when His own promise is, 'Lo, I *am* with you *always*.' She said it was want of faith which would make us ask Him to be with us; our need is, rather, more power to realize His continual nearness, that the veil between our souls and Him may be withdrawn. She spoke very solemnly on the danger of adding to Christ, saying, 'It is not Christ *and* something else, nor something else *and* Christ, but *Christ alone*. The reason there is so little fruit in working for God is because something is added to Christ. The power is in Him alone. My only regret is that I have not known enough of Christ. Give

my love to —, and —,' &c.. (She gave many names. 'Tell them from me—*Christ first—Christ always—Christ alone!*—and if there are any whom I have forgotten, tell them the same, I want it to be my last message.' "

16th.—Yesterday and the day preceding, there were attacks on the breathing that looked very threatening, yet perfect peace was preserved. First-day was a very bright one, after the attack had passed off. Surrounded by several dear friends, she bore a very lively and precious testimony to the rich provisions of the covenant: "Christians are bright in proportion as they apprehend its fulness."

This evening she mourned the absence of Him whom her soul loved. She could not perceive Him; fever, &c., oppressed her. By and bye the fever lessened, the cloud withdrew, and she again saw his face, and testified so joyously to His goodness and loveliness, quoting from "Rutherford's Last Words,"

" There the red Rose of Sharon
Unfolds its heartmost bloom,
And fills the air of heaven
With ravishing perfume.

Oh ! to behold it blossom,
While by its fragrance fann'd,
Where glory, glory dwelleth,
In Immanuel's land."

17th.—Dear S. wished to have a few minutes with two servants, to whom she gave testimony to the preciousness of the Saviour, and the importance of securing an interest in Him in time of health.

Whilst very ill, she said, "This has been a happy day!" And again, "If my speaking a word to persons is a service, perhaps I have not done my work yet. Oh ! if but one word I have spoken could be of any use!"

Her weakness becoming extreme, an air bed was procured, which added much to her comfort.

On the 22nd her brother was summoned by telegram. That evening the dear one appeared to be just going. We watched expectantly, but after some time she rallied, and when able to speak, requested us to unite in giving thanks that *He* had made her willing to come back. She thought she was going; her eyes had glistered as they so often do in their upward gaze

for the Saviour—her “*dear, kind Saviour.*” In reference to these times, she remarked: “How near He comes! but He does not bring His pilot boat with Him.”

On the 23rd she saw two friends, to whom she bore a full and glowing testimony to the preciousness of the Lord Jesus—*her Saviour*, and to the nature and reality of the new birth. Profession would not do; there were many who manifested considerable change, appeared religious, yet had never known the new life given, had never taken the believing *look* by which it is imparted—that new nature which cannot sin—(1 John iii. 9). The old Adam sins, but as the new man is strengthened it overcomes the old, and it is in proportion as the one is cherished, that the other perishes. It was a *fact*, to be known by the individual. The spirit of adoption is given, that witnesseth with our spirit that *we are the children of God*. We should not rest satisfied with a vague hope, but should press after assurance. This service had rested on her mind, and she felt much relieved when it was accomplished. To another friend she spoke of the necessity of simple faith in Christ; of the

extreme danger of unbelief ; that by and by there will be but two classes, those who have *believed*, and those who have *rejected* "the word of the truth of the gospel."

Of some of the incidents of those days of deep interest her brother has made record :

" Psalm xxiii. having been referred to, she spoke of the support of the rod and the staff. 'It did not say, Thy rod afflicts me, and Thy staff sustains me, but the rod, too, supports.' She told us we must 'give thanks for the suffering.'" To our mother, 'He is Thy Shepherd ; He will not leave nor forsake thee ; His rod and His staff will comfort thee.' After a time of great oppression, when it had seemed as if the end was just at hand, she said, 'That rough billow was not the last. The Refiner's image was not clearly reflected. I would not like to go and leave a great blemish.' She had thought, some time ago, that she wanted to glorify her Lord as long as He saw well to keep her here ; and now, perhaps, He had been trying her, to see whether she really was willing to glorify Him here as long as He might delay her release.

" Alluding to 1 Corinthians iii. 13, she said,

‘It is all grace, and the fire can’t burn grace.’ When a fear would now and then intrude, she just took it to her Saviour, and told Him that she committed herself to Him. It being remarked, that the enemy could not touch her: ‘No! he must touch the Shepherd first.’

24th.—“Dear Susan wished me to ask for her that she might have ‘*more than patience—perfect submission of will.*’ Just then she said His presence was not so manifest as sometimes; there were clouds, but we must not look at the clouds, but at Him. After getting a little sleep; she said she wanted to turn to Him, and asked me to speak of something which the Bible said about Him. His tender care for His disciples’ comfort, when He was about to leave them, having been mentioned, she referred to the place in the Song of Solomon, where the bride concluded a description of her Beloved’s beauty, by saying, ‘Yea, He is altogether lovely,’ in every respect perfect in beauty. She charged me, who had health and strength, to honour Him: ‘Let His honour be ever before thee.’ She had but little opportunity left, and she had not honoured Him as she might have done when in health. In the

evening, speaking of a future state, her idea was that it would be rest in Jesus until the resurrection. The promise to the thief on the cross having been mentioned, she said, 'When Thy day comes, Lord Jesus, I am ready;' and afterwards, 'If He suffered *so much* for us, and I suffer *a little* to glorify Him, I must not think it hard. He *does* love me, else He would not take such care of me.—He does not forget me, though I, in my weakness, forget Him.—He is taking me away to make more room for Himself; He has room, but He wants more. There will be a gap, but He will come in and fill it up.'

25th.—“‘Oh! aunty, it will be so nice to welcome you all, yes every one, there must not be one missing. You must wrestle for those little ones. I have committed them to the Saviour, and I know He will send His Spirit to them.’ She said she could not pray much, but she had committed us all to Him, to give us just what He saw we needed. ‘I would take you all with me, if I could. Would I? No. I would leave that to Him. Oh! John, work hard for Him—mind it is all for *Him*,—*Dear Saviour!* I feel

as though I must spend my breath in speaking for Him.'

"A day or two later, she said to two of us who had been ministering a little to her comfort, 'Now you have been raising me, may God raise you up to posts of usefulness for Him. You must think of His glory more than your own comfort—must not work for joy, not even for the joy of an abundant entrance into His kingdom. He will take care of the joy, you will have plenty of that.' She pleaded with us, as men of business, to be witnesses for Christ."

On the morning of the 29th her brother was obliged to leave. The time of the end was hidden, and to the dear one herself appeared to have receded. The solemn lesson given her to learn was a deeper insight into the import of the words, "Thy will be done!" "It is very solemn to say this: I have given myself to the Lord, and must receive whatever He sends as a part of His will." The last trial of her faith had come, and in this season of proving, the enemy drew near: her acute spiritual perception at once realized whence the insinuation came. Turning to her mother, she said, "Satan says I

may live to see the new year in, and perhaps I may see it out." The response given, "Thou knows, dearest, that he was a liar from the beginning, and thou does not believe what he says," appeared at once to rally the faith, by which the fiery dart was quenched. It is believed to have been his last assault.

A few days previously Susan had referred to the impression which attended her on the first day of the year, when the two last lines of Newton's hymn, before quoted, had been peculiarly with her—

"But the happiest year they know,
Is the last, which leads them home."

To depart and to be with Christ, had been, from the commencement of her illness, the deepest wish of dear Susan's heart; yet it was manifestly guarded with watchful jealousy, lest it should induce any measure of impatience. "In His own good time," was the language of her soul.

After parting with her brother, which she was enabled to do with cheerfulness, in the assurance of a glorious meeting by and bye, and taking

leave of a darling cousin, who was returning to school, the forenoon of this last day was passed, as many previous ones had been, in drowsiness. At noon she was able to see two dear friends, one of whom gave the following outline :

“ The pain at times was very great, and the difficulty of breathing, but whenever it was possible she smiled so sweetly, and with such joy, though at times mingled with inexpressible solemnity, as though she had seen something it was given to few to see. Every interval of the painful labour of breathing was spent in speaking of Him. Once, when her pain was being mentioned, there was a look of weary sadness for a moment, and as soon as she could speak she said, ‘ I want you to speak of Him ; I want Him glorified. I want you to be burning and shining lights ; you have not shone so brightly, but that you might shine a great deal more brightly. I want people to *see* and *know* that you are His.’ She repeated the words, ‘ That My joy may be in you, and that your joy may be full.’ His joy is in His people. The only joy which can fill them is Christ : in Him all fullness dwells.’ ”

Some of her latest meditations appeared to be on the majesty of Christ, which had been brought before her by a few verses of the 45th Psalm. With all the force of her mind she grasped the dignified subject. "I have not been used to look at His majesty so much as His love—but oh! *He is most mighty!* His glory and His majesty. She referred to the 19th chapter of Revelations as harmonizing with the Psalm. The different attributes of the Triune Jehovah had stood out before her in clear relief, and once, after a season of deep solemnity, she remarked that she had realized not so much the presence of the Saviour as of God the Father. Referring to the appearing in the presence of God, she said, "Oh, it is very solemn!" It was suggested, "The dear Saviour will present thee Himself, clothed in His righteousness." "Oh, I am not afraid of my Father. I love to think of His holiness," was her solemn response.

The afternoon was a quiet one, and ability seemed given to rejoice in the holy calm. Soon after ten there was an increase of oppression, and she asked, "Is this part of His will?" It was replied, "Yes, part of His good, and accept-

able, and perfect will." "Then I must accept it as such." The night was one of close watching to her attendants, and of oppression to herself. She scarcely slept—not more than a few minutes at a time, and for a brief interval there was a slight rambling, of which she was conscious. A little after four, the last words of Holy Scripture to which she was able to listen were read to her from the "Believer's Daily Portion," for the 30th. Its closing text the event proved to be strikingly appropriate:—"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty, thou shalt behold the land that is very far off."

After taking a little tea, about six, she appeared to sleep for a short time. On awaking, the remembrance of the past night was quite obliterated. "What! is it morning? Then what has become of the night?" she queried. It seemed a great relief to find that it had passed, and its remembrance perished, when she characteristically said, "How kind of Him!" Further suffering induced the expression, "This is part of, 'Thy will be done.' A Father's will." It was rejoined, "a loving, tender Father." She added, "Holy! His will must be done, it will

be accomplished some time. Oh ! if I had not a Friend at such a time as this, and *such a Friend !* He fills the room with light." There was a peculiar solemnity in her manner, not the bright radiant smile that so often gilded her countenance, but an upward look of reverence, as recognizing His holiness and His majesty.

The morning light dawned. There was no very marked change, but the incidents of the night led to her near relatives being summoned. Soon after they entered the room unmistakable evidence that the messenger she so desired had indeed come, induced us to say we thought she was going home : " Perhaps I may rally again : His will be done !" she promptly replied. But her Lord's " good time " had come ; the mortal life ebbed apace, while the mind was perfectly clear ; and with her wonted kind thoughtfulness, she asked for the servant. When all had gathered round her, she distinctly said, " Farewell !" and then, with the last effort of her voice, she sealed the testimony she had sought to bear for her Lord and Saviour, as she gave the parting word,—"*Jesus is all*, my mother,—He will more than fill my place."

A few more shortened breathings, and then her soul was gladdened with the "joyful surprise" she had anticipated He might some time give her: The last pin of the tabernacle was removed, and her ransomed and purified spirit was "for ever with the Lord."



ERRATA.

Page 1.—For distress, read *distresses*.

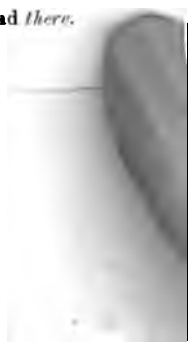
„ 7.—For 1854, read 1845.

„ 24.—For these, read *those*.

„ 29.—For remembered, read *numbered*.

„ 85.—For describes, read *described*.

„ 112, Line 8 from bottom.—For these, read *there*.



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